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IN THE YEARS

1804 AND 1805.

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

AUTHOR OF

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&c. &c.

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TRAVELS

IN

ITALY.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POPE.

SIMPLE as my own dwelling may be, I should not wish to exchange it for that of the pope. We there find nothing but immense rooms and saloons, plastered with brick-stones, sparingly furnished, and covered with indifferent paintings on the walls. Here the head of the catholic religion lives in all his pious *humility*.

Monte Cavallo has been preferred to the other papal palaces on account of the salubrity of its air, and with very good reason; but I am astonished at its comfort having been neglected in such a degree. We do

not find a single chair here; but hundreds of wooden benches, without any cushions on them, and the seats of which serve also as drawers to lock something up in. They are painted marble-grey; and on each of them stand the words *Pius VII. Pontifex Maximus*, in order to remind us of their being in the newest Roman fashion.

A long gallery is hung with painted colossal angels; that either leer on the astonished visitor, or frighten him by stretching against him their distorted limbs. A Madonna of Carlo Maratti, and a painting by Titian, hang in a saloon in which a single chair behind a table marks out the spot where the pope eats his solitary dinner at noon.

The chapel-room is well painted in fresco by Guido. The artist has chosen the domestic life of the Holy Virgin for his subject. We discover Mary at her needlework, sewing swaddling-clothes; and behind her some pretty little angels looking on with such eagerness as if they were anxious to learn how to do it themselves.—An inscription on a marble plate, mention-

ing that the fugitive king of Sardinia with his family had received the sacrament from the hand of the pope himself in this room, is considered as very important.

The most valuable objects in this palace, are the antiques lately found at Ostia; which have been set up in a long and wide gallery, but rather confusedly. The bust of a youth among them is excellently done, and undoubtedly the work of a great master. The remainder do not equal it, and are of more recent date though of Grecian marble, that being not so expensive in this sea-port as the marble of Carara.

I have not been so fortunate as to behold his holiness the pope himself, and to kiss his slipper. He had left his dominions to refresh the laurel of the French *hero* by the beneficial dew of his blessing, and to assist Buonaparte to bury the recollection of his deeds under a crown.

THE PALACE OF THE CESARS.

THE palace of the Cesars offers only majestic ruins to the eye. Here Romulus,

when a child, once played. Augustus built a palace on this spot; after having long dwelt in the modest Hortensian house, till it was consumed by fire. A laurel-tree stood at the entrance of his new palace, which was of greater value to him than all the triumphal arches erected in his honour; for upon it was hung a crown of oak, on account of his having saved the lives of many Roman citizens. He established also a celebrated library here; the architecture of which I cannot conceive, if it be true that a colossal bronze statue of Apollo, fifty feet high, was erected in the saloon, as Pliny says. This saloon must have been of an immense size.

Tiberius and Caligula enlarged this palace. The latter built its front towards the Forum; and a bridge to the Capitoline mount, which rested on eighty marble pillars.---Nero, for whom nothing was sufficiently extensive, added to it the Celian and Esquiline mounts; laying them out in gardens, seas, woods, and villages. It was now destroyed by fire, and Nero afterwards

built his golden house; the portico of which, consisting of three rows of pillars, extended to the length of a thousand paces (a mile), and which the ancients praise without bounds. The tyrant, after having finished it, is said by Suetonius to have exclaimed: "Now at last I have a house for a man to live in." After his death, the palace was repaired by Domitian; but Vespasian and Titus separated from it all the ground beyond the Palatine mount, in order to build on the spot the Coliseum, the temple of Peace, and the bath of Titus.

The Vandals, under their king Totila, destroyed the imperial palace; but its venerable ruins still remind us of its former existence. We wander here through subterranean vaults, among the remains of grand porticoes, of high walls, and broken arcades. Every where we discover little shrubs of luxuriant growth between the clefts and crevices of the walls, and the fertile ground has been in some places used for a garden. It is a noble picturesque scene, but it wakes us to melancholy.—

How momentous were the affairs transacted here; and how often has the fate of the world been divided on this spot where now a thorn wounds my hand! How often has the voice of love cheered that solitude where now the screech-owl has chosen its retreat! How often has ambition tortured the breast of the proud Roman hero, where a gardener's family in rags now cultivates a small tract of ground!

I climbed up one of the eminences, on which some mosaic painting had been preserved. A noble view presented itself. I discovered still the grand ancient circus under my feet, though now changed into a garden. Opposite I saw the bath of Caracalla; on the left the majestic Coliseum; not far from it the temple of Peace; and, if my eyes had wandered over the whole space, at its end I should have seen the mausoleum of Metella, and a hundred other fragments of Roman tombs. No traveller should fear the difficulty of procuring himself this view in the way in which I did.

THEATRE OF MARCELLUS.

We should be ignorant of the dimensions of this theatre, if Vitruvius had not exactly described them; for very little of it is left, and this little is not worth the trouble of going to see. The emperor Augustus built it for his nephew Marcellus, and it serves now as the best pattern of the Doric and Ionic orders of architecture. It contained thirty thousand spectators, and six hundred wild beasts sprinkled it with their blood at its consecration. It was changed into a citadel during the warlike times of the middle ages; and at last converted into a palace, which now belongs to the Orsini family.

PORTICO OF OCTAVIA.

Nothing remains of the portico of Octavia, dedicated by Augustus to his noble sister, but the entrance; where we cannot stay without disgust, on account of the modern market for meat kept here, which fills the air with a pestilential stench.

MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

The remains of this mausoleum do not give an adequate idea of its ancient magnificence. Nothing now exists of it but the cylindrical spot in the centre, which has been tranformed into a theatre for bull-fights and fireworks.—This place measures 132 feet in diameter. Five elevated rows of stone benches run along the circus; over them is a range of boxes, higher up a spacious gallery, and the sky forms the only covering. As all the theatres are shut at Rome during summer, the inhabitants indemnify themselves by forty-five bull-fights and twenty-seven fireworks and illuminations. The fireworks must certainly be indifferent, there not being sufficient room here; but the illuminations are said to be very pretty. We must not, however, recal to our memory, that the ashes of Augustus, Marcellus, Agrippa, and Germanicus, lie buried here. The Roman

ladies have forgotten it long ago: and find great pleasure in examining the half-naked pugilists that venture their life against the beasts and sometimes lose it; or are frequently wounded, and sprinkle the ground with their blood. A grove serving as a public walk surrounded this mausoleum in ancient times, but no trace of it is left.

VARIOUS EDIFICES AND RUINS.

THE temple of Bacchus lies at some distance from Rome. Its external form is pretty well preserved; which is that of a rotunda, not very large: it serves now as a church, dedicated to St. Constantia. Some beautiful ruins near this temple are said to be the remains of an ancient riding-house of Constantine.—Yet I must not be guilty of dissimulation. It should be known, therefore, that there lived once a very learned man, with the learned and barbarous name of Borrichius; who proved beyond contradiction, that "the temple of Bacchus" had not been a temple of Bac

chus: "for," said this doctor, "the christians too liked grapes; and the pressing of grapes was a symbol of resurrection with them, similar to the whale of Jonah." The learned man, to put it beyond all doubt, undertook a journey to Achen, in order to examine the tomb of the emperor Charles; and being convinced that the rape of Proserpine delineated there signified immortality, he was equally convinced that the temple of Bacchus was originally nothing else but a baptistery of Constantine, and the pretended riding-ground near it a convent.

The beautiful ruins of a temple dedicated to Minerva Medica have been treated in a similar manner by the pseudo-critics, though for once they have not declared it a christian church. A man had better count the turnips in a field, than attempt settling the differences about ruins with these men. Parts of the cupola supported by some pillars, and hanging over our head, present themselves; but we cannot walk under them without some danger, for even by

raising our voice too high we perhaps may loosen some stones and bring them down upon our head. The whole temple lies in the middle of a vineyard, and many valuable statues have been found in its vicinity.

This vineyard includes also the tombs of the family of Aruncius, which have been called pigeon-houses on account of their being divided from each other in a manner somewhat similar to those objects. By means of torches we may descend into a hole to nearly twenty feet in depth, where we find several tombs provided with inscriptions. On the cielings are still some remains of paint.—From this hole we may go deeper, to another similar one. Some part of it had been dug up by order of the apostolic government; when human bones, urns, lamps, and sepulchral vases, were discovered at a depth of fifteen feet farther. I found that every thing had been taken away already, except the human bones. I could not, however, refrain from pilfering the scull of an Aruncius, exhibiting even now a very fine set of teeth.

On our return we may cast a look on what are called the trophies of Marius; though they are in reality nothing but the remains of the grand reservoir for the Julian aqueduct that provided the Esquiline mount. The baths of Livia are found in the Farnesian garden; but we shall repent visiting them, as they are nothing but a few chambers deep under ground, difficult of access, wet, damp, and cold. Having descended into them by the light of a torch, we find after all nothing but some ornaments and paintings on the ceiling, which surprise us by the freshness of their colours, and particularly the blue. The gilding is also visible in some parts: but were it covered with solid gold, every friend of pure air should hasten away and take a seat on the beautiful terrace, which exhibits all round the ruins of ancient palaces. A large piece of marble has been placed here to serve as a table, and several fragments of pillars stand round it instead of chairs. Foreigners often choose this beautiful spot to breakfast in.

A temple of Claudius, or of Bacchus, or of Faunus, (for the connoisseurs differ,) has been changed into St. Stephen's church. It is a perfect rotunda; and its fifty-eight Ionic pillars give it a majestic appearance, though they are not all of the same size. Pomeranzio has painted the inside of the walls with the most dreadful tortures, by which the primitive christians aspired to martyrdom; and on the middle of the altar stands the model of some church, which looks like the tower of Babel, and absolutely disfigures the whole building.

At the entrance of another church in this neighbourhood, we see an antique little ship of marble, from which we may learn how the ancients built their vessels. It was probably the consequence of a vow made in danger of shipwreck, and the church bears hence the name *Maria in navietta*. Some critics, however, believe that Pope Leo the Tenth, whose name is inscribed on the pedestal, set up this boat after escaping some dangers at sea.

Of the assembly-room of the senators, *Curia Hostilia*, which formerly stood here, nothing has remained but a few ruins. The venerable seats of the Roman senators were compelled to yield to a church of St. John and St. Peter.

As little exists of the triumphal arch of Dolabella, and of a temple of Venus and Cupid: the power of Love could not defend itself against the all-consuming rage of christian piety. The bow and quiver of Cupid have vanished; but a full third-part of the holy cross, a nail from the same, two thorns from the crown of Christ, and a small piece of the sponge which was given him to drink from on the cross, are preserved in their stead. Even the earth in one chapel has been brought from Jerusalem. —Ladies are only permitted to visit this chapel on the 20th of May; but for what reason, the pope alone can tell: he will also explain why no male person is allowed to enter it on that day. I cannot imagine, unless it is that they fear the archness of

Cupid and his fair mother, its former inhabitants —The convent is a handsome building, and is kept clean. A lay-brother of the age of seventy-four, but still active and very civil, serves as guide; but complains occasionally of the great diminution in the number of idlers, on account of their former revenues from Milan being stopped since the revolution.

The windows of the convent command the view of the cloister-gardens; formerly the *amphitheatrum castrense*, where the Roman soldiers used to exercise in presence of the emperor. The outer walls of this amphitheatre are still visible, and a number of fragments lie dispersed.

Returning hence we may pass the triumphal arch of Galienus without looking up, by which we shall be no losers.

TEMPLE OF FEMALE FORTUNE.

This temple really merits preservation. When Coriolanus threatened his country at the head of an army of Volscians, his mo-

ther and his wife proceeded to his camp, to interfere for Rome. He relented, and this temple was built in commemoration of the event. A statue of Female Fortune was erected here, which no unmarried Roman woman was permitted to touch. It was miraculous, and had praised with a loud voice the matrons who subdued the resolution of Coriolanus.

The temple is constructed of a sort of brick-work, is of a quadrangular form, and decorated with pilasters. Part of its architecture discovers a more refined taste; and hence some of the learned are of opinion that the wife of Marcus Aurelius had it repaired.

PYRAMID OF CESTIUS.

THIS is a sepulchral monument far too magnificent for a man who was only inspector of the feasts in honour of the Gods. Yet, no doubt, he was rich; and besides, he ordered this monument by his will, as the inscription tells us. It somewhat resembles the Egyptian pyramids; but measures 113

feet only in length, and each of the walls 25 in diameter. There is a large room in the middle, where the ashes of Cestius were deposited. The paintings of this inner room have been effaced. It ought not to be forgotten, that this immense work was completed in three hundred and thirty days. Half of it lies within the city gates, and the other half beyond them. The ground contiguous to the latter part is more interesting to foreigners than the pyramid itself, for it is the burial-place of all foreign protestants. Many of them find an early grave in this unhealthy capital, and we may read well-known names on such of the scattered tomb-stones as have escaped the bigot fury of the Romans; for these deluded men make war even against the tomb-stones of the heretics, being prevented from profaning the dead bodies by the papal guard that always accompanies their burial. To avoid exciting the notice of the populace, the protestants are not allowed to light the torches till near the pyramid. No priest follows in the procession: but a friend takes his place, and

bestows his last pious wishes and blessings upon the deceased.

I expected to find a romantic spot, but was disappointed; it is nothing but a green planted with small trees here and there. Yet I prefer this to the practice of the modern Romans; who dig large holes in their churches, into which the dead bodies are thrown without coffins till the hole is full. After fifty years these places are opened again, and a pestilential stench proceeds from them. Those who live in the neighbourhood suffer greatly by it: as count Khevenhuller, the imperial ambassador, lately experienced; for his palace smelled for several days like a burial-vault.

TEMPLES OF VESTA AND OF MALE FORTUNE.

The former has been magnificent and beautiful, but is no more so. Twenty fluted Corinthian pillars of Parian marble stand round the building still, but walls of brick-stones have been built between them.

The latter, one of the most antique tem-

ples at Rome, has shared a similar fate. Servius Tullius was its founder. It was not built of marble. The Armenian christians are now in possession of it.

HOUSE OF PILATE.

Not far from the last-mentioned temple we see the house of Pilate as it is called, which no more belonged to Pilate than it does to me. Even an inscription informs us of its having been built in the fourth century. Many fragments of ancient buildings have been made use of for the building, and have been put in as good order as possible; hence the whole bears a strange appearance.

CITADEL OF ST. MICHAEL.

I have not seen this citadel. A permission for the purpose must be previously obtained from the cardinal minister; and as it contains nothing very remarkable, I declined this trouble. I should have wished, however, to examine the room where the

famous Cagliostro ended his life; he has covered the walls entirely with written remarks, some of which are curious and interesting. The place was filled with prisoners, as usual.

This structure owes its origin to the immence tomb of the emperor Adrian; and its most valuable statues, having been used as catapults against the besiegers, lie now buried in the Tiber. The ancient ornament, an immense pine-apple of gilt bronze (the symbol of mourning among the ancients), is now visible in the garden of the Vatican. The archangel Michael, who resembles rather a colossal owl than a celestial being, has now taken up the spot of this ornament; and where once stood magnificent pillars, we now see loop-holes for firing musketry through.

BATH OF CARACALLA.

I FLATTER myself that I shall not displease my readers by a few words on the baths of the ancients, so frequently mentioned.

We must not imagine that the Romans were early acquainted with the now-famed

luxury and magnificence of their bathing-places. They learnt these from the Greeks, but soon surpassed their masters. The entrance into the public baths was either free or obtained for a trifle. For a quadrans, a person was allowed to stay half an hour in the bath.

As long as modesty prevailed at Rome, the sexes bathed separately; but under the profligate emperors they mixed together: yet many of the emperors prohibited this, though others expressly sanctioned the abuse. Adrian used to bathe promiscuously with people of all sorts. How different were the relations between the ruler and the ruled then, before the establishment of etiquette!

Rome was very populous, and bathing was a favourite custom. A number of bathing-places were therefore requisite; and Publius Victor counts sixteen warm and eight hundred and fifty-six cold baths, besides sixteen thousand reservoirs and ponds where people might learn to swim.

Vitruvius has informed us of the construction of the warm bathing-houses,

which were called *thermæ*. A place exposed to the sun was chosen for them; and their windows looked all towards the south or the west, as the Romans preferred to bathe in the afternoon during sunshine. Three copper cauldrons were fastened in the centre of the bathing-rooms, one above another: they communicated by pipes, and the lower one rested on an oven. The person bathing in the adjoining chamber could draw water from each of the cauldrons, which were of different temperatures. The ground floor of the whole was warmed by pipes, and a warm air was conducted also into the chambers by the same means.

While in the warm bath, it was a custom to be rubbed with perfumed oils; partly from luxury, and partly from an idea of thus adding to the flexibility of the limbs. Before bathing, the Romans amused themselves by throwing the discus, or by running or wrestling in the large halls or saloons built over the bathing-houses. To open their skins, they used brushes of hair, and sometimes even of wire.

Seneca gives us a description of the mag-

nificence of these places. He had only a single bathing-room, though a rich man: "But who would bathe there now?" exclaimed the philosopher. "How poor would he think himself, whose bathing-room was not laid with precious marble! costly tables of Alexandrian and Numidian marble must also be placed there. The water-basons are adorned with glass, and the stone *thessinus*, used only as an ornament of temples in former times. Even plebeians must have the cocks on their pipes of pure silver already, and the freedmen must have pillars and statues. They make artificial waterfalls, and lay out the ground-floor with precious stones." Statius, another classic author, reports their having changed the leaden water-pipes into silver ones already, and having gilt the silver ground-floor.

At present, nobody has any idea of this luxury. All the bathing-houses lie in ruins. Of the bath of Caracalla some majestic remains still exist: but the pleasure of viewing them is lessened by the previous trouble necessary for this purpose; as we

must give notice to the keeper of the key the evening before, and fetch him the next morning in our carriage. The man is indeed very polite, and refuses every pecuniary gift; but yet his company is somewhat unwelcome. The plunders committed by hired lacqueys who were formerly trusted with the key, rendered this alteration necessary.

The bath of Dioclesian was anciently greater than that of Caracalla; but its ruins have almost vanished, while the latter still exhibits a most noble spectacle. All the walls are standing: the vaulted roofs only are gone. Nothing can be more picturesque than this scene. Every where we still discover the pipes of the aqueducts. Instead of marble and bronze, we see the ivy creeping up the walls, and large trees and shrubs growing promiscuously in the saloons.---The bathing-rooms themselves are under ground, and we wander only in the saloons formerly destined to gymnastic exercises. One of these, 188 feet in length, and 138 in breadth, vaulted and receiving its light from the cieling, was the astonishment

of the ancient and is the despair of our modern architects.

We may ascend these ruins on a staircase very much decayed. I ventured to do so; but would not advise my reader to follow the example, unless he is proof against giddiness. After having mounted about twenty yards, the staircase ceases; and we must climb up on ladders in different directions, always seeing a precipice before our eyes. If we slip, we are lost. We now again find the staircase, and by its means reach a large spot overgrown with shrubs and grass. It is here more dangerous than before: for the shrubs cover a precipice, and a small path only leads round it; and on both sides we look down from a giddy height. A person unacquainted with the spot, who should walk straight forward, would be lost without recovery. I stopped here; not being sufficiently curious to venture my neck for the sake of examining a small piece of mosaic, which is preserved, and now serves as the only reward of the adventurous visitor.---On our return we acquire a still better acquaintance with our dan-

gers; for the staircase being spiral, and the company walking generally above each other's heads, those who go first move under a continual rain of small stones, loosened by those who follow. A large stone is equally liable to be thus detached, particularly after a shower of rain; and may thus kill the curious stranger. I am surprised at hearing of accidents of this sort so rarely happening.

The whole inner part of the bath of Caracalla is covered with fragments of marble. The celebrated Farnesian Hercules done by the Athenian sculptor Glycon, and the Farnesian bull, were found here. Some iron bars are fastened outside of the walls, for those who have a mind to climb up them; but I had lost my taste for climbing.

The thatched straw huts for the watchmen in the vineyards, adhering here and there to the walls, form a curious contrast with these massy ruins. We gathered a nosegay of field-flowers among the marble fragments.

VARIOUS RUINS.

CONTIGUOUS to the bath of Caracalla, we discover the niches of a rotunda that formerly served as a temple of Diana.

Hence we proceeded to the sepulchre of Metella; a round tower of immense quadrangular stones, and with walls of such thickness as may bid defiance to all the future ravages of time. We expected to find a spacious room inside, but were greatly disappointed; for these walls, covering almost the whole space of eighty-nine feet in diameter, leave within them only a small spot for a burial-place. The sarcophagus has been taken away; and stands in the yard of the palace Farnese, where it is of scarcely any effect. The upper part of the sepulchre has been used as a castle during the civil wars of Italy, and resembles now a strong Gothic tower. An echo repeating words six different times, is another curiosity of this place.

Passing a large meadow, we reach the ancient circus of Caracalla. Though one of

the smallest, it gives us a correct idea of the construction of these places. The surrounding arched walls, the goal *(meta)*, the small partition wall *(spina)* dividing the circus, the gate from which the conqueror proceeded, all are still in existence. In the thick walls we discover large hollow pots, which were intended partly to lessen the weight, and partly to assist in filling them up.---Several insignificant ruins are still visible in the vicinity, which are pretended to have been the stables of the circus, and the tombs of the family Servilian, &c.

We now have not far to go, to find king Numa with his nymph Egeria: but we must submit to walk the greater part of the way through a vineyard; the unpolite prince its owner (whose name I have happily forgotten) having prohibited the entrance of carriages upon his ground, though there is a fine road through it. The ground is hardly worth seeing, and is remarkable only for its antiquity. It was filled with water when I was there. In the back-ground we discover a broken figure, and the niches are said to have formerly contained the statues of the

Muses. When I entered the grotto, a quail and a water-hen started: the latter sought refuge under a stone, and the other directed her course to Rome.

In the vineyard through which we pass, we discover a small church of St. Urban, which had been a temple of Bacchus, or rather of the Muses. Four Corinthian pillars only announce its ancient appropriation.

THE PALACE GIUSTINIANI.

This palace has been built upon the ancient bath of Nero, and most of the antiques which it contains are said to have been found here. This assertion, however, is indeed no compliment to Nero's taste: for I am tempted to call the palace merely a lumber-house for antiquarians, and particularly since the reigning prince has sold the best pieces, (a Minerva with a snake, and the famous bas-relief of a nymph giving Jupiter drink from a horn of the goat Amalthea) to Lucien Buonaparte.

A beautiful head of Apollo has been in

great danger of being lost also. Paretti the sculptor had been employed by the prince to restore some antiques: when he was to be paid, he declined money, and very civilly declared that he would be satisfied with an indifferent antique head standing any where in a corner. The prince, who knows as little of art as a negro, rejoiced at this cheap bargain, and gave up the head of Apollo with pleasure, which the cunning sculptor immediately sold to lord Bristol for a hundred and fifty ducats. Some days afterwards the prince and lord Bristol met in company; when the latter, quite enraptured with his new acquisition, informed the prince that he had purchased the best piece of his whole collection. The prince at first doubted; but after having consulted some artists, he was almost raving; his vanity was offended. Lord Bristol was so polite as to return the statue for the sum which he had paid, and it is now the most valuable of this whole collection of antiques.

The prince, at one time, being in want of money, sold the four best paintings of his whole collection; and among others the ce-

lebrated Murder of the Innocents, by Poussin. The rest of the paintings are not very remarkable. Two Holy Families, by Raphael and Andrea del Sarto, are beautiful: I suspect they are both by the last-mentioned master; for in this gallery, as indeed every where in Rome, they give what names they please to pictures. I shall name a few of the best pieces, without tiring the reader with a description of them. A Holy Family by Sasso Ferrato, the charming painter of Madonnas; a Christ before Pilate, and a St. Peter in prison by Gerard delle Notte (Honthorst) who like the owls only flew out at night; a St. John by Dominichino; a veiled Venus by Titian, &c. A painting by Corregio strikes by the strange piety of the subject. Cupid, the symbol of profane love, lies prostrate on the ground, and his arrows are broken; his conqueror, Spiritual Love, armed cap-a-pee, and a flaming sword in his hand, stands by and threatens him. Yet I fear the broken arrows of the little god will wound deeper than the sword of his antagonist. The palace is furnished badly and without taste: as usual, we met some balda-

chins; for, as players on the stage are fond of strutting with star and riband on their coats, the Italian princes exhibit on every occasion their baldachins; under which they affect to give audiences.

A PILGRIMAGE.

The church and convent of St. Onolfrio contain some fine paintings: but these did not attract me; I had only come on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Tasso. This great poet died in 1595 in this convent, at an age of no more than 51. My never-forgotten friend and master the good Musæus attained exactly the same age; and the recollection of this circumstance mingled sadness and grief with the veneration I felt on approaching Tasso's tomb. On entering the church it is seen on the left hand, as well as his picture, of which alas! the colours have faded and become dark through age. The Latin inscription is beautiful and affecting. It begins "Torquato Tasso." How much glory is expressed by this name! After a few but energetic words in praise of his me-

fits, we are told: "Cardinal Bovilaqua ordered this tomb to be erected to him, that he who in his life-time filled the whole world with his fame, might in death likewise be sought and honoured in a venerable place!"

In the library of the convent, which I visited afterwards, an autographical letter of Tasso's is still preserved in a glass case. I instantly recognized the hand, which I had so often studied at Naples. The letter began with these words: "Friendship has nothing better to give than its own self." I should have copied it, if the illegibility of the characters and want of time had not prevented me. I also found here a bust of Tasso, formed on his body after his death: it does not resemble any of the busts and portraits of him that I had seen before. Ladies are not allowed to enter this convent, but the monks were so obliging as to permit me to send the bust to the church for the inspection of my wife. Some other relics of Tasso are kept here: they were a towel finely woven of the bark of trees; an earth-

en pot with sand to dry the ink; and a large oval piece of heavy wood, flat on the under side: the monks could not tell what it was; I conjecture that Tasso used it to keep the paper steady while writing. His inkstand had been here formerly; but during the revolution some admirer of the great poet had stolen it. I confess the temptation came upon me also, and if fortune had favoured me, I fear the monks would have lost the sand-pot likewise. Indeed they do not feel the value of their treasure; as they throw it promiscuously into the same box with a miniature portrait and some other trinkets that belonged to a cardinal whom nobody knows. In this library I saw likewise a beautiful marble bust of Barclay the celebrated author of the Argenis; and behind a grate the very innocent prohibited books. To my surprise Bossuet's Universal History stood at the head of them. Alexander Guidi, another Italian poet of some celebrity, is buried in the church of this convent. Why did not Gothe, when he was here, hang at least

one laurel wreath on the grave of Tasso? Such an act of homage would have well become him who had been inspired by the genius of the Italian poet.

VARIOUS RUINS.

THESE are rendered interesting only by the recollection of events and circumstances connected with them. Among these I particularly reckon the bridges. A walk on the banks of the Tiber, with the Roman History in one's hand, would be entertaining, if of the events that once happened here, no other memorials existed but single stones. Of the Tiber itself we indeed bring with us rather too exalted an idea: we have heard and read so much about it from our earliest years, that we expect to see a majestic river, such as the Nerva, but it is only a middling stream, not larger than the Saala in Thuringia. The epithet "*flavus*" (yellow) so frequently used by the ancients is really applicable; but it is not a beautiful but dirty yellow. The most ancient

TAYLOR INST. OXFORD

bridge of Rome (a wooden one of course) is, or was, the *pons sublicius*, so called from *sublices*, signifying *piles* in the Volscian language. Ancus Martius built it about one hundred and fifteen years after the foundation of Rome. Antoninus Pius changed it into a stone bridge. When the water is low, you see some heaps of stones, the remains of this ancient bridge, above the surface; and when the water is high, the breakers' strong current between them marks the existence of these fragments. Here Horatius Cocles singly defended the bridge against the whole army of Porsenna till it was broken down behind him. Here the heroic virgin Clœlia swam across the Tiber; here the dead bodies of the abhorred tyrants Heliogabalus and Commodus were thrown into the river. From this bridge the title of the Roman priests, and of the present popes or Roman pontiffs, was derived; for the ancient Roman priests being charged to maintain an uninterrupted public worship of the gods on both sides of the Tiber, and therefore obliged to keep

this bridge in good repair, were called *pontifices a ponte faciendo.*

On the Pons Sublicius a singular religious festival used to be celebrated annually on the 15th of May. The first Greek colony that settled in this country had, in compliance with what they conceived to be the sense of an oracle, drowned every year thirty men in the Tiber. Hercules abolished this inhuman custom, by persuading the Greeks, that the oracle did not demand living men, and that the gods would be satisfied with puppets in their stead. The Romans therefore continued the practice of throwing images made of rushes and properly dressed from this bridge into the Tiber. The consuls, the magistrates, the priests, and even the vestal virgins, were obliged to be present at the ceremony. The second with respect to antiquity, but the first which the Romans built of stone, was the *pons senatorius* (now *ponte rotto),* so called, because the senators were obliged to pass it when they went to consult the Sybilline oracles. The river has often de-

stroyed it. Pope Paul III. ordered Michael Angelo to rebuild it, but died when hardly the foundation had been laid. Envy deprived Michael Angelo of this commission; and a wretched bungler called Biscio removed the durable and excellent foundation laid by the former, and substituted a structure of his own planning, which was unable to resist the river above ten years. It has not been rebuilt since. The Pons Fabricius (now called Ponte di quatro Capi) still remains with the ancient inscription, and leads to a small island of the Tiber. Tradition says, that this island was formed by the stoppage of the sheaves cut in Tarquin's field, which were thrown into the river by the enraged people. The island was dedicated to Æsculapius, and the symbol of that God, the shape of a ship, was given to it because the serpent was brought hither by sea from Epidaurus. An obelisk was erected, where the mart is usually placed. On the site of the magnificent temple of Æsculapius there now stands a church dedicated to St. Bar-

tholomew; and on going from the little garden of the convent down some steps to the river, a serpent sculptured in stone may still be discovered when the water is low. On the front of the temple was recorded the receipt of the antidote which had been used by Antiochus the Great. The patients who resorted hither, were, as in the temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzuoli, taught to expect the revelation of a remedy in a dream, and were obliged to write it down, if they were cured by following the instructions thus received. The walls of the temple were covered with tablets giving an account of these cures. Borrichius has preserved the following one: "The oracle lately commanded a certain blind man, named Cajus, to approach the altar, to bend his knee, to go from the right to the left, to lay five fingers on the altar, to press his eyes with his hand. He did so, and was instantly restored to sight." This shews at least, that there was as much knavery and superstition and priestcraft among the ancient Romans as there is

among us. A great number of sick slaves having once been brought hither in the reign of Claudius, that emperor gave freedom to all who recovered, because, as he said, their masters had taken so little care of them. I know countries where the repetition of such a decree would be very just. State prisoners, under sentence of death, were, by order of Tiberius, kept a whole month on this island before they were executed. Several other celebrated temples likewise stood here, consequently the little island was once a very remarkable place, and still remains so from the recollections it excites. The Cestian Bridge *(Pons Cestius)* built by Cestius Gallus, leads from the island to the opposite shore. The *Pons Triumphalis,* by which the victorious generals returning from the western provinces used to make their triumphal entries, is destroyed, yet its ruins however rise above the water. The *Pons Aelius,* now called the Angel Bridge, was built in the reign of Adrian. Clement IX. ordered Bernini to place ten indifferent statues of angels on it. Triumphant

generals are no more to be found at Rome, but angels in plenty. The ten abovementioned hold in their hands the instruments with which Christ was tortured, and the inscriptions or mottoes on the pedestals are most ridiculous. "In flagella paratus sum," and more of the like stamp, which I should be ashamed to copy. I shall mention only another bridge, the *Pons Milvius* (now called Ponte Mollo), because M. Æmilius Scaurus defrayed the great expence of building it out of his private fortune; although his father had left him nothing but an honourable name and a happy genius, by the exertion of which he raised himself to the highest offices of the state.

Of a temple of Pallas built by Domitian, nothing remains but a few Corinthian pillars and entablatures with basso relievos; which, though considerably damaged, are still of great value as works of art, and specimens of ancient sculpture. All the rest of the building has been dilapidated, or buried under ground. More has been preserved of the forum of Nerva. Its very high wall,

built of immense square stones, and without any cement, is the admiration of all connoisseurs. That every courtier who may happen to make the tour of Italy with his gracious master, or perhaps read this book, may behold these ruins with awe and dread, I shall mention an instance of the strict justice of Alexander Severus, the sentence having been put in execution on this spot. Vetronius Turinus, a courtier, having made a trade with the favours of his master, and having sold empty promises, was detected: the emperor ordered him to be stifled with the smoak of burning straw; and a public crier exclaimed during the execution: "*fumo punitur qui fumum vendidit*," (with smoke he is punished, who sold smoke). If all deceiving courtiers of the present day were punished in the same manner, we should soon be compelled to unthatch the cottages of the peasants. The place Navona, formerly the Circus Agonatis, still retains the form of a circus; for the houses around it have been built on the ancient seats. Games were here celebrated in

bonour of Janus. At present it is adorned with several modern fountains and some miserable statues by Bernini. Every Sunday in the month of August it is laid under water, when it is much frequented by people of all ranks. The rich drive with their carriages into the water: the poor refresh themselves with the cooling air---Not far from this circus you find on another public place a fragment of a Menelaus who is carrying a dead Patroclus in his arms; but I must confess that I had this from hearsay only, for in its present mutilated state it is impossible for me to conjecture what it represented. People that pretend to understand it assured me that it must have been a noble group. From a taylor living in its neighbourhood it has received the nickname of Pasquin, and under this title it is well known to all the world as the bearer of the lampoons by which the popes and the cardinals formerly were complimented. The Romans have long ceased to be witty, and their witbearer Pasquino is become mute. Close by stands the palace of Braschi, nephew of the pope, which I mention only on account of

its marble staircase, it being the largest and most beautiful at Rome; yet this is the only good thing of the palace, for there is not a single habitable room inside. A walk on the Tarpeian rock is not very interesting. No trace is left there either of the vestal Tarpeia, who betrayed the citadel to the Sabines, and who was murdered and buried there in reward of her treachery; nor is there any mark of the criminals who were thrown headlong down the precipice. The rock is indeed no longer so high as it originally had been, part of the top having been taken away, and the hollow filled up; enough however is still left to break a person's neck. The bath of Titus offers nothing very remarkable, except some well preserved paintings in arabesk; in other respects they would have little claim to attention, except we bring along with us the recollection, that the good Titus was here born and educated in a mean house, and therefore loved and embellished the spot.

There is a tradition that these baths were first discovered in the time of Raphael; and that after copying the arabesque paintings found in them, he had caused the greater

part to be filled up, in order to conceal his plagiarism. But this art was sufficiently known before from the writings of the ancients, so that Raphael could not have claimed the honour of invention.—All that is certainly known is that the baths had been again filled up, and not re-opened till 1776. The famous group of the Laocoon was found in the ruins of the baths of Titus.---Here flourished once the garden of Mæcenas, and the poets he here collected around him, and to whose immortal works he is indebted for the fame he enjoys.---Horace, Virgil, and Propertius, inhabited villas in this neighbourhood; and the tower from which Nero beheld the conflagration of Rome, whilst he sung to his lyre a poem on the burning of Troy, was not far distant.

THE CAPITOL.

It is no longer the ancient capitol, where the magnificent temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood, adorned with a quadrigal chariot of gold; and whose steps the victorious generals and even the haughty Cesars ascended only on their knees; in whose halls they gave triumphal feasts. Here the colossal statue of the Thun-

derer formed of pure gold, once sat upon a stool of ivory and gold:---the floor was covered with gilt metal: and during a long succession of years, the temple was enriched with the spoils deposited by conquerors, with the presents of foreign ambassadors, and valuable offerings of devout citizens. Here the Sybilline books, esteemed by the Romans more valuable than gold, were kept in a subterraneous vault; and a great number of the most beautiful statues adorned it more than the profusion of precious stones. In its courts and porches the eye was attracted by columns and tables of silver and other metals, on which have been engraved laws and other things interesting to the people, the state, and to posterity. Such treasures had here been accumulated, that there was scarcely room left to pass and re-pass; till at length in the 670th year of Rome, during the dictatorship of Sylla, the whole temple became a prey to the flames. Sylla rebuilt it, and embellished it with magnificent columns which had been brought from a temple in Athens. It was again destroyed by fire during the turbulent usurpation of Vitellius. Vespasian

restored it, but it was again burnt down in the reign of his son Titus. Domitian rebuilt it; but with its fate after that period we are not acquainted. The temple of Fidelity adjoined that of the Thunderer. Opposite to it lay the citadel, and an eminence where the chief priests observed the new moon. Near it was a senate-house, and a mean thatched hut is over the modest dwelling of Romulus. A similar hut, that has belonged to king Tatius, stood close to the temple of Juno, which was surrounded by a grove which had the right of asylum. But who could enumerate all the temples and remarkable edifices, of which the capitol once could boast? Ovid too dwelt there among the Gods who always remained propitious to him.

We ascended from the north to the modern capitol between two water-spouting lions, by a flight of steps, built from a plan by Michael Angelo. On the balustrade at top, stand the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, each of them holding a horse by the bridle. Next to them we saw the trophies of Marius, then two statues of the sons of Constantine, which had been found among

the ruins of his baths, and lastly two milestones, only one of which is antique, and which formerly marked the beginning of the Appian Way. The other has been decorated with a globe of bronze which, according to tradition, enclosed the ashes of Trajan. The whole produces a grand effect. As soon as we reached the top the beautiful bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on horseback irresistibly attracted our attention. It is truly a masterpiece, especially the horse, which so admirably imitates real life, that Michael Angelo, on seeing it, is said involuntarily to have exclaimed "March." Why not rather "halt?" for the horse is represented as stepping forward.

To cool the enthusiasm raised by the view of this statue, and the recollection of the excellent man it represents, we need only look for a moment at the *wooden cross* on the wall of the palace. Its history is curious. The king of Naples, quite intoxicated with his short-lived triumph, erected it, and ordered an inscription, celebrating in pompous terms his mighty achievements, whilst it inveighed bitterly against the French.

The premature inscription, as may naturally be supposed, has been removed, but the spirit of devotion has preserved the cross from the unhallowed touch of the spoiler.

Let us hasten by it into the Capitoline Museum. From its portico we look into a court, whereon a fountain exposes the river-god Rhine, better known by the name of Marforius, and celebrated as the bearer of many a witty reply to the sallies of Pasquin. Under the portico we already met with a great number of statues, sarcophagi, altars, &c. of very unequal value, for there are among them some very wretched productions of the age of Constantine. A connoisseur directed my attention to a valuable basso-relievo, a very ancient specimen of Grecian sculpture: it was very much damaged, and I understood nothing of it. I conjecture, however, that it may represent Rhea before Jupiter. The most valuable piece in this collection, the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, has been taken away by the French, and only a cast of it in plaster of Paris is now to be seen here. We now turn to the right, where a colossal statue

of Mars, by mistake called king Pyrrhus, is placed, and where a column of Oriental alabaster, fourteen feet high, claims our admiration. Here is the entrance into a room named Canopé, because it is quite filled with very comical Egyptian statues of black basaltes. After tarrying a short time in this room, the visitor ascends the stair-case, but slowly, very slowly; for the walls on both sides contain one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity, namely, a plan of ancient Rome, engraved on many marble tables, which were discovered in the ruins of the temple of Remus. Most of them have indeed been very much shattered; several, however, are still in a good state of preservation; one in particular representing a theatre, is not at all damaged.

Our attention was so engrossed by these venerable remains of antiquity, that we almost overlooked two beautiful statues of Juno and Pudicitia, which are placed on the landing-place. In the anti-room we found a great number of epitaphs built into the wall; three colossal foxes, and an antique specimen of mosaic, which is indeed less

beautiful than the modern productions of this kind, but these had been with much more pains and trouble formed of real stones, whilst at present the artist performs his work more easily and conveniently, using for his mosaic only coloured compositions. The walls of the first saloon exhibit more than a hundred curious inscriptions, arranged in a chronological order from Tiberius to Theodosius. In the centre stands a beautiful large vase, with basso-relievos in the most ancient style: from this vase the saloon has obtained its name.

The second saloon, called the saloon of Hercules, because a statue representing him conquering the hydra is its chief ornament, contains, like the preceding, many interesting inscriptions; the celebrated statue of Antinous, that was found in the villa of Adrian; the child holding a bearded mask before its face; Cupid and Psyche; Venus and Mars, which are supposed to be portraits; an excellent Agrippina in the middle of the room; and many others. Three beautiful antique altars dedicated to the winds,

the waves, and to repose, seem to invite us here to offer up sacrifices.

The third magnificent saloon, supported by pilasters, is particularly remarkable on account of its containing the Dying Gladiator; at the side of which an Antinous in the costume of an Egyptian priest, a couple of Centaurs, &c. are placed, and certainly appear well to deserve that honour. All around many other statues stand, the names of which it would be tedious to enumerate.

The fourth saloon is dedicated to the philosophers, poets, and orators; whose busts, above a hundred in number, fascinate the eye of the literary visitor. Those of Homer, Cicero, Socrates, Aristides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, and Pindar, are most esteemed as masterly productions of sculpture. But they must all prove highly interesting to the admirer of their works. A statue of Zeno is particularly beautiful. Connoisseurs likewise much admire some basso-relievos on the walls, especially that representing three fauns, preceded by a little naked faun. The name

of Callimachus is engraven under it, and it is supposed to be the same which has been so highly praised by Pliny.

The saloon of the emperors contains eighty-five busts of emperors and empresses. The collection, as has already been observed, is not so complete as that at Florence. A Venus in the middle of the saloon, resembles the Medicean, and is by many even preferred to the latter. Among many statues and bas-reliefs in this saloon, we noticed two of the latter, which are considered by the connoisseurs to be masterpieces of Grecian art. In one of them (Perseus and Andromeda) there is this singularity, that Perseus, in helping the lady to descend from the rock, does not lay hold of her hand but her arm; and I could not help smiling, when our honest enthusiast, who is himself an eminent artist, exclaimed: "This is the true heroic manner; a hero never takes a lady by the hand, but always lays hold of her arm." On hearing this ingenious explanation, I examined the bas-relief more closely, and thought I could plainly discover, that the sculptor had chosen this mode

for no other reason but because there was not marble enough here to extend the arm of Perseus farther. But thus it usually happens with respect to great men in the most trifling thing they do, some hidden meaning or deep design is suspected, when they were compelled thereto by circumstances, or perhaps thought not at all about it.

In the sixth saloon we found, besides a couple of hundred of inscriptions taken from the tombs of the freed men and women of Livia Augusta, a great number of busts, statues, sarcophagi, &c.

The seventh is decorated in the same manner: the visitor's attention is here particularly attracted by the statue of a faun with grapes; by a bronze vase two feet high, from the inscription on which it appears, that it had been presented to a Gymnasian by Mithridates; and lastly, by the beautiful mosaic, representing four doves sitting on the brim of a cup, which has already been praised by Pliny, and has been multiplied by innumerable copies.

We again descend the stairs to the court in front of the Palace of the Conservators:

so called because certain gentlemen entitled conservators of Rome assembled there; but whether they actually be what their title implies, is more than I can say. In the court there are some fragments of immense colossal statues, and among others a foot, the great toe of which is thicker than the body of a full-sized man: it is supposed to have belonged to the colossal statue of the Sun at Rhodes, which was forty-one feet high. Behind an iron railing is seen a Triumphant Roma, and two conquered kings in a group.

Near the bottom of the stair they have built into the wall, is a copy of the celebrated rostral column, which was erected in the Roman forum, in honour to the consul Caius Duillius, for having defeated the fleet of the Carthaginians. In ascending we saw besides a Urania and Thalia, which are rather insignificant productions, four beautiful bas-reliefs representing some transactions in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and likewise a Curtius on horseback, precipitating himself into the flaming gulf. In the first saloon, Arpino has painted a series of pictures, the subjects of which are taken from

Roman history, and which form a singular contrast to the statues of some of the popes in full pontifical dress, and in the act of giving their benediction to the people.

In the second saloon, the subject of these pictures is continued; and the surrounding objects are rather more in unison, as they have placed here the busts of celebrated *papal* generals, such as Colonna, and others, who of course are likewise Roman heroes. But the eye of the visitor dwells with most pleasure on a bronze bust, which is said to be a very good likeness of Michael Angelo.

In the third saloon there is a beautiful bronze statue of one of the slaves who once saved Rome.

The fourth saloon must be very interesting to the historian of antiquity, as it contains a series of the *Fasti Consulares* down to the time of Augustus, which were found on the spot where once the Curia Hostilia stood.

The fifth is adorned with a Holy Family, painted by Giulio Romano. Here too stands a couple of bronze geese, which we were told had been made in honour of the geese, whose cackling saved the capitol.

Of the sixth saloon I recollect nothing except that its boasted tapestries appeared to be but indifferent; but the last contains a beautiful statue of Hercules of gilt bronze, which was found in the ruins of a temple dedicated to that demigod. Two other statues are likewise rendered interesting by the names which have been given them, for it is pretended they represent Cicero and Virgil.

After passing through two more rooms containing marble tables, which were dug out I forget where, and on which the names of ancient Roman magistrates are engraven, we proceed to the Capitoline Gallery of Paintings.

But I feel no inclination to dwell long on this subject, as the collection is neither numerous, nor wholly composed of masterpieces. A *Soul* by Guido Reni, is indeed a good picture; but on viewing it I could not help thinking of the *orbis pictus*. The painter who conceives the idea of painting a soul, must surely be without one at that moment. Guido, however, is perhaps not to blame; for in justice to him I must remark, that it is

only a naked human figure, and who knew what he intended to represent by it? Ariadne and Bachus were likewise attributed to Guido. I rather doubt it: for I think that it can hardly be Guido's colouring, and the invention is too jejune. Romulus and Remus suckled by a Wolf, a large and beautiful picture, is said to have been painted by Rubens. A Female Figure by Titian, is intended as a representation of Vanity. This ought to be written under it. A portrait of Diego Velasquez, painted by himself, is interesting both on account of its merits as a picture, and particularly on account of the subject; for to my taste, Diego Velasquez is as great a painter as any that can be named.

The second saloon contains still fewer pieces of distinguished reputation, nor is it even connected with the first. Young painters attend here to copy the originals; and these copies, many of which are well executed, are sold very cheap. The Tarpeian Rock may indeed have some claim to a visit on account of the historical facts connected with it: but we found nothing there but a kitchen-garden, with a low wall, whence

once looks down upon the roof of a house.--- On the declivity of the Capitoline Mount three beautiful pillars, with their architraves, are still standing; they are all that remains of the temple dedicated by Augustus to Jupiter the Thunderer, out of gratitude for his fortunate escape, when a slave before his litter was killed by lightning. Near it we saw the beautiful ruins of the temple of Concord, built by the consul Camillus, to commemorate the reconciliation between the patricians and plebeians. Eight magnificent but unequal Ionic columns of Oriental granite, support an entablature, ornamented in a very fine style.

THE TRIUMPHAL COLUMNS.

If these triumphal columns had not been loaded and disfigured by images of saints and crosses, they would undoubtedly serve as a great ornament to the city. But in their present state they appear like dethroned kings, on whose heads, by way of mockery, paper crowns have been put. The highest of them is that of Marcus Aurelius: the gratitude of the people intended it for him, but the unassuming monarch dedicated

it to Antoninus Pius. It is decorated with basso-relievos, representing the victories of Marcus Aurelius over the Marcomanni. A spiral stair-case of near two hundred steps, leads to the top: and formerly, indeed, the trouble of the ascent would have been well repaid, whilst the statue of the good Marcus Aurelius stood there; but now his place is usurped by a statue of St. Paul. The pillar of Trajan is still more celebrated on account of its masterly basso-relievos, containing above two thousand figures, and commemorating that emperor's victories over the Dacians. It is of marble as well as the first, but somewhat shorter, measuring only one hundred and thirty-three feet. It may likewise be ascended by a stair on the inside: but there can be no inducement to do it except the fine view it commands; for instead of the statue of Trajan, here is only one of saint Peter. I do not know whether the ashes of Trajan still repose in the pedestal; probably not, for the urn which contained them was of pure gold.

But all the pillars and obelisks do not contribute so much to the ornament of Rome as

THE FOUNTAINS.

THE abundance of water, this vivid motion, this rushing and foaming, this countless multitude of Tritons and Naiads, who in almost every open place are seen either squirting the water high up in the air, or pouring it in gurgling streams from their urns, give an extraordinary appearance of life and bustle to the city, and in some degree make amends for, and relieve the eye from, the dulness occasioned by the want of inhabitants. I have already mentioned the two magnificent fountains in St. Peter's Place. That called Trevi commands our admiration by quite a different character. Neptune seems to be coming forth from his palace, sea-horses draw his car, Tritons surround him, Health and Plenty stand in niches on each side. The whole is of marble.

A large mass of water is poured from every side into a basin, which might indeed from its size be rather called a pond. It is excellent clear, pure water, and was celebrated even in the time of the Romans. A young girl disco-

vered the source, and shewed it to some thirsty soldiers, whence the water was called *Aqua-Virgo*. Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, built an aqueduct to bring it to Rome. It gives me pleasure to find, that a *pope* has perpetuated in two bas-reliefs the memory both of Agrippa and the young maiden. Many consider the composition of the whole group to be faulty, because it leans against the walls of a palace, so that one cannot conceive whence the water comes. To me this objection appears to be unjust; for on whatever spot Neptune stands, there he can produce water. The same objection might be made, even if it stood in the middle of a large market-place. We must not imagine that the water flows out of the palace: no; at a wink from Neptune, it springs forth from his car. The fountain Termini, called likewise *Aqua Felix*, is embellished with Christian sculpture: for here a colossal Moses, with his wonder-working wand, causes the water to flow from a rock. The idea is certainly not amiss, if the concomitant objects had been in unison; for it may be asked, how came arcades and Ionic columns to stand so near

this rock of Moses in the desert? and why should the prophet give himself so much trouble, as two beautiful lions of black basaltes (of Egyptian workmanship) are already vomiting from their wide mouths thick streams of water? In Spanish Place there is a fountain in the form of a bark, by Bernini. What strange conceits the Bernini sometimes had!

The water in the fountain in the Campo Vaccino, flows into an immense basin of oriental granite, which served for the same purpose in ancient times. The fountain Paulina surpasses all the others with respect to the abundant supply of water, which was first brought hither by Trajan. At present it is splendidly decorated with arcades, columns, and an attic, with water-spouting dragons, and pompous inscriptions: the materials were taken from the ancient forum of Nerva. The tasteless Bernini has overloaded the fountain in Navona's Place with an heterogeneous profusion of ornaments, rocks, obelisks, sea-horses, lions, and the like. Here too we found colossal statues of the Ganges, the Nile, the Rio de la Plata,

and the Danube. Could any thing be more ridiculous, than to place on a small fountain four of the largest rivers in the world? The fountain near the Bridge of Sixtus is indeed smaller, but incomparably more beautiful in its simplicity; it is only a niche between two Ionic columns: but a broad undivided stream falls from a considerable height, first into a smaller, and then into a larger basin, which produces a fine effect. The Tortoise-fountain, in Mattei-place, is a pretty plaything: four figures of bronze are placing four tortoises on the edge of the basin, from which rises a jet-d'eau. In Barbarini-place there are two fountains by the *ingenious* Bernini: here dolphins and Tritons squirting out water; and there even three *bees*, which are sitting on a muscle shell! There are likewise some medicinal springs at Rome, the powers of which are highly spoken of. One of them is called *aqua acetosa*, or acidulous water.

THE BATHS OF DIOCLESIAN

WERE the largest in Rome. To enable the reader to form an idea of their original extent, I shall briefly mention what, besides the very considerable ruins, now stands on the ground they once occupied: the church, convent, and garden, of the Bernardins; the church, convent, and vineyard, of the Carthusians; two large open squares; a part of the villa Negroni; large granaries, and several private houses. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider that the ancient structure contained near three thousand baths of every kind, beautiful halls, magnificent saloons, porticoes, schools, areas for gymnastic exercises, &c. The celebrated library of Ulpian stood here: and in a magnificent hall called *Pinacotheca*, were to be seen the choicest masterpieces of painting and sculpture. Diocelesian had employed forty thousand christian slaves during seven years in raising these buildings. The circular church of the Bernardins was once the place where they heat-

ed the water for the baths; and the magnificent Pinacotheca has likewise been transformed by Michael Angelo into a christian church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Eight large antique columns of Oriental granite still remain in it. Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa are buried here. Some of the mosaics are worth seeing.'

About two hundred years ago two eminent mathematicians drew a meridian line in the church of St. Mary; as it was justly considered as one of the strongest buildings in Rome. But at the same time a ridiculous monument was erected to papal vanity, for the ray passes through the pope's coat of arms. It is indeed hardly credible, how often, and in what a tasteless manner, these arms are every where exhibited at Rome.

THE VILLA BORGHESE.

The Villa Borghese, independant of the works of art, many of them unique, with which it abounds, is worthy of being visited on account of its agreeable walks; and hither the Romans of every rank resort in crowds to

enjoy the cool shade of the evergreen oaks. Lately, however, it has not been so much frequented as formerly; the *new* princess, who rather too frequently, and too strongly, feels whose sister she is, having shut up the greatest and most beautiful part of the park, that she might there, without interruption, botanise, or—do I know not what. It may easily be conceived, that this was not calculated to gain her the affection of the lower classes; and she likewise soon estranged the hearts of the Roman nobility, by her attempts to introduce new manners and customs, without gaining any advantage except the distinction of being left alone. But as such a state of solitude soon becomes extremely tedious and irksome to ladies of her stamp, she at last reluctantly condescended to comply a little more with the established customs of the Romans.

The grounds of the villa are three miles in circumference: the walks are crowded with antiques, and the front of the palace quite swarms with them. Such of these antiques as are within reach of the hand or a stick, have lately been defaced or mutilated: the

effect, probably, of the just resentment of the Romans. A broad staircase leads to a vestibule, ornamented with four columns of the extremely rare kind of marble called *lumachello*, being composed of small shells. On entering the first grand saloon, the eye is immediately attracted by an admirable bas-relief, representing Curtius precipitating himself into the flaming gulf. The whole saloon is filled with statues and busts of masterly Grecian workmanship: the most distinguished of them are an Achilles, and a group of Hercules and his son Telephus. In the middle of the room stands a magnificent vase, with a Bacchanal on it. What a pity that a David, by Bernini, should have been placed among the beautiful statues that surround it! In the second room stands a sarcophagus, the bas-relief of which represents the death of Meleager; and on it a beautiful Bacchus playing with a child. A Dying Seneca of black Lydian stone is likewise worthy of notice. But the eye will dwell with most pleasure on a lovely group of Graces supporting a vase. They have done Bernini the honour of placing his

Apollo and Daphne in the middle of the third room, which likewise contains an Eneas and Anchises by the same artist. One may easily conceive what a contrast these smoothly turned things form to ancient Jupiter, and a Belisarius standing close by. The fourth room is a kind of gallery, richly adorned with marble: the colossal busts of Marcus Aurelius and of Lucius Verus struck me as particularly beautiful. In the fifth room, which is paved with antique mosaic, we are scandalized at an Hermaphrodite, in producing which Bernini has again sinned most grievously. Near it we found two handsome groups, viz. Coriolanus and his mother, and Castor and Pollux. In the sixth room stands the far-famed statue of a gladiator, by the Grecian sculptor Agasias. When the present princess Borghese first saw it, she is said to have ordered it to be rasped a little, as it looked very dirty. Possibly, however, this may only be the wicked invention of some Roman wit. The seventh room contains a great number of Egyptian idols, and various motley statues, which do not suit my taste. In the eighth room there is an excellent group, representing Silenus hold-

ing an infant Bacchus in his arms; by some it is called a Saturn: it is particularly remarkable on account of its not having been in the least restored, which is a very rare case. Several other masterpieces have been reserved to adorn this last room; among others we noticed a Centaur conquered by the little God of Love, a Cupid and Psyche, and the Winged Genius which has been so highly extolled by Winkelmann. The cielings are all beautifully, some of them excellently, painted: among the artists, however, who executed the paintings, no name of celebrity is mentioned except Conca. The furniture is magnificent and tasteful; from which circumstance a visitor instantly guesses that it is not an Italian lady who rules here. In the upper rooms there are many good pictures by modern masters; among them some landscapes by Hackert. The park is very pretty, though I do not think that it will bear comparison with those of Dessau and Weimar. On the border of a lake stands a temple of Esculapius, with a Grecian statue of that god. There are likewise a temple of Diana, a circus for races, with many other useful

and ornamental buildings; but almost all of them in that part of the garden from which the public has been excluded.

THE PALACE OF FARNESE.

This palace is esteemed a masterpiece of architecture; but surely it did not require great talents to build something handsome and magnificent with the spoils of the Coliseum. The best statues of this palace have been removed to Naples. The gallery painted in fresco by Annibal Caracci, is said to be his masterpiece; it represents the history of Bacchus and Ariadne, and other subjects taken from pagan mythology.

THE PALACE OF COLONNA.

Most of the palaces at Rome resemble each other; that is to say, if we take away the paintings and antiques, they would be fit only for owls to dwell in. The palace of Colonna distinguishes itself by a truly royal saloon two hundred feet in length, and terminating in a sort of tribune, to which we

ascend by some marble steps. This gallery or saloon would, even without its paintings, be an ornament to any palace; how much more so, as its walls are hung with landscapes by Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, and with several pictures by Rubens, Guido Reni, Titian, Vandyk, and other eminent painters! You will not wander through any of the other numerous apartments without satisfaction: one of them is painted in fresco by Poussin, many of whose landscapes are to be found in various parts of the palace. It must be owned indeed, that here too the visitor is often obliged to gaze at twenty indifferent pieces before he meets with a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, or a Magdalen by Guido Reni. But such is the taste of the Roman princes: they act like the gardener who surrounds a few rare hyacinths with a border of motley tulips.---The statues and busts of the palace of Colonna are not of importance enough to claim much attention in such a city as Rome.

THE BORGHESE PALACE

Is worthy of the master of the villa Borghese. The entrance into the court is very grand, for it is inclosed by arcades which are supported by ninety-six granite pillars of the Doric and Corinthian orders. Of the numerous paintings, I mention that by Dominichino, representing Diana hunting, as it is one of the most celebrated; though it did not make any extraordinary impression upon me. I must confess the same thing with respect to a Descent from the Cross by Raphael. I much more willingly stopped to examine his portraits of Machiavel and Borgia. It was a happy thought, to fill a room entirely with pictures of Venus; for it is pleasant to see and to compare, how the idea of beauty has been conceived by different celebrated masters. There are a couple among them (for instance, that painted by Rubens) which would hardly be fit for housekeepers to some pampered prelate. The lining of the walls with looking-glasses, and

decorating them with flowers and figures of genii, is not in my taste. During my visit to this palace, the names of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and of other great painters, escaped every step from the voluble tongue of our cicerone; but I considered this as merely a Roman *façon de parler*. The upper rooms are said to be magnificently furnished. I did not see them.

THE PANTHEON.

The most noble and most majestic monument of architecture, after the Coliseum, is the Pantheon. It is the triumph of the ancient, and the despair of modern architects. It has been robbed of many of its ornaments, and disfigured by many heterogeneous additions: still, however, the whole is well preserved, and at the first view of it one is tempted to exclaim: "That is indeed a temple of *all the gods*;"—but a pope has dedicated it to all the martyrs! and for this purpose twenty-eight waggon loads of relics were taken from the churchyards, and de-

posited under the principal altar. Agrippa consecrated this temple to Jupiter the Avenger, in memory of the victory gained by Augustus over Antony and Cleopatra. The statues of all the gods in bronze, silver, gold, and precious stones, were ornaments worthy of it. The magnificent vestibule was supported by sixteen immense pillars, each of them hewn out of a single block of Oriental granite. Its cieling was of bronze, and weighed four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Pope Urban VIII. took away this, and made his tasteless baldachin in St. Peter's church of it; from what remained he ordered cannon to be founded for the castle of St. Angelo: nay, he had even the impudence to perpetuate the memory of this theft by an inscription in the portico. The emperor Constans had before robbed it of its valuable statues, which he removed to Constantinople. Seven steps formerly led to this portico; but two of them now lie buried under ground, the surface being raised by time. The pupils of the French academy were digging near the Pantheon when I was

at Rome, and had just discovered that the Pantheon had been surrounded by a wall. The temple is a perfect rotunda, of the same height and diameter; namely, one hundred and eighty-three feet: and is covered by a vaulted roof, without any pillars to support it. The building is lighted only by means of an opening in the centre of the vault: and though this aperture at the same time admits the rain, I would not for the world have any other windows in it. Notwithstanding the many altars, and the unsuitable ornaments or baubles with which the inside is covered, the indelible character and original majesty of the pagan temple is still discernible. How striking must the effect have been, when the bronze caryatides, so highly praised by Pliny, appeared to surmount the vaulted roof, and when silver plates covered its caissons! At present, the most valuable of its contents are the tombs of Metastasio, Mengs, Winkelmann, Poussin, Sacheni, and Raphael. Much praise has been lavished upon the Latin epitaph of Raphael, written by cardinal Bembo. To me it ap-

pears highly ridiculous: we are told that "Nature feared to be overcome by him whilst he lived; and when he died, lest she should die with him." But Raphael would have been a wretched painter, if he had conquered Nature. Thus it is when we too anxiously endeavour to say something exquisitely fine; we commonly produce something very dull or absurd. I cannot pass unnoticed two other of the offences commited by the popes against this temple of temples. Urban VIII. erected on it two steeples, which are as suitable an addition as a couple of horns would be to the full moon; and Alexander VII. patched his arms on the capitals of several of the pillars.

JANUS QUADRIFRONS.

The Romans gave this name to a kind of square arched buildings, with passages in four directions; which they erected on the most frequented places, in order to give shelter during bad weather to those assem-

bled there. Only one of them remains: it is a very massy structure of Grecian marble, but a considerable part is now under ground. It bears the marks of having been used as a fort in the middle ages. Several of the learned suppose these arcades to have been something like our modern Exchanges; but I doubt it. They might hold a considerable number of people when crowded close together during a shower; but they could not afford sufficient room for merchants to walk in, and converse with each other on business.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

Close to the Janus Quadrifrons stands the triumphal arch erected by the merchants in honour of Septimius Severus. Its basso-relievoes, which were not in the best taste, and the whole arch, are much damaged. From this arch we proceed to view

THE GREAT CLOACA, OR COMMON SEWERS,

THE most astonishing and useful works of the ancient Romans. "Three things," exclaims Dionysius of Halicarnassus, "chiefly indicate the greatness of Rome; the aqueducts, the highways, and the common sewers." Tarquin the Proud began the great Cloaca, and forced all the inhabitants to forward the work either by personal labour or pecuniary contributions. These stupendous subterraneous canals were so spacious as to admit the passage of a waggon loaded with hay. The amount of the expences of building them is not known; but the repairing of them alone cost one thousand talents. The knowledge of their situation was entirely lost after the burning of Rome by the Gauls, so that palaces and temples were built over them; and they serve as a secure foundation, having resisted the ravages of floods and earthquakes. An edile of the name of Agrippa had them

cleansed once, and passed through them in a boat to the Tiber. Cassiodorus tells us, the same might be done several centuries afterwards. Englishmen, generally the most daring of travellers, even now sometimes force their way through them: but there is no occasion to take all this trouble, as one may examine many parts of them without danger. They are built with huge blocks of stone, five feet in length and three in thickness; joined together without any cement, so as to form immense vaults. Three hundred years after the building of Rome, when the plague raged there, all the dead bodies were thrown into this sewer; and on another occasion, about four hundred years after, they disposed in the same manner of those who were killed in an affray in the forum, excited by the partisans of Clodius, who were endeavouring to prevent the recall of Cicero. Hence the Romans made it one of the principal duties of the prætors, to attend to the cleansing of the common sewers. The popes have seldom distinguished themselves by useful actions;

Gregory IX. and XV. however, expended great sums in cleaning and repairing these subterraneous canals.

THE PALACE OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

At last we meet with an elegantly-furnished house, and a comfortable habitation. Even though we should happen not to know in whose palace we are, we should instantly guess, that at least no Italian is its owner. Lucien, it is true, has not yet bought it; he is only in treaty about it; but he has already made alterations and improvements according to his own ideas, and at every step the visitor discovers the man of taste, the connoisseur, and the lover of the fine arts. A majestic statue of Minerva, which he bought of prince Justiniani, and which rivals the celebrated palace of Velletri, the highly extolled basso-relievo of Jupiter or Bacchus suckled by Amalthea, and a beautiful antique altar, are the chief ornaments of the grand saloon.

Lucien has not yet purchased any other

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works of sculpture; but the little he has obtained may be called a great acquisition. Nor is his collection of pictures very numerous; but there is not a single bad one among them; and here at least we may enjoy the pleasure of admiring nothing but masterpieces, without being first tired with a crowd of indifferent pieces or wretched daubings. The Massacre of the Children at Bethlehem by Poussin is the best representation I have seen of this horrid scene. The child has already received a wound, lies bleeding and screaming on the ground. The executioner is aiming a second blow; the mother catches it with one hand, whilst she fixes the nails of the other into the murderer's back. Her countenance—ah!—the pencil of a great master only could paint it! No words can do it. It is not pale, yet it has no colour; Despair has breathed upon it; it is the colouring of the infernal regions, the hue of the tortures of hell, which we do not see, which passes through the eye, and runs like a cold tremor down our backs—I will not speak longer of it; it makes

my heart ache. Had I been doomed to paint that picture, it would have killed me. Poussin certainly had no children, or did not love children; for how else could it have been possible for him to kill the poor little innocents with so much cruelty? The executioner dispatched them with one blow of his sword, but the painter was obliged to have them bleeding for weeks and months at his feet. I had no cicerone with me to name the different masters, yet think I have guessed many of them: one of the Madonnas is, beyond doubt, by Raphael; and one of the most lovely of his works. If the masterly group of several heads illuminated by the light of a lantern, be (as I conjecture) by Honthorst, it is certainly his most successful production. A Venus in the bedroom does honour to the pencil of Sizian. But why tire my readers with this dry catalogue? especially as this art of guessing is even by Dubos pronounced to be very fallacious, and the most experienced judges are frequently mistaken. In short, I found at most but two or three middling pieces,

and this was the only gallery at Rome which I left with perfect satisfaction. I will not deny, that the tasteful furniture of the rooms might contribute to heighten the beauty of the paintings; and that it puts a stranger in good-humour when he finds that he is not obliged to wander about on a dirty brick pavement among old-fashioned leather chairs. Lucien intends to increase the number of his pictures to three hundred, but every one of them is to be a masterpiece; if he realises this idea, his collection will be the only one of the kind in Rome, and perhaps in Europe. With respect to the palace, he has likewise vast plans in contemplation, and is said to have an idea of purchasing a whole street to enlarge it. I am unable how to reconcile this love of magnificence with his partiality for domestic life and comforts, which is so conspicuous in his palaces at Paris as well as at Rome. His study is close to the room for his children; and this latter furnished and arranged for them with an affectionate care, that at first sight every thing

betrayed the tender father. The *custode* assured me, that Lucien would not survive the death of any of his beloved children. He has bought a villa near Rome, and also a palace at Milan; hence it seems as if he intended to settle in Italy for life.

THE THEATRES.

THE number of theatres in Rome is too great for its present population. There are two (the *Argentina* and *Alibertis)* for grand operas and ballets; and two *(della Valle* and *Tordinoni* or *Apollo)* for the opera buffa and the drama; one *(della Pace),* for farces and pantomimes; and that called *Pollo Corde,* where puppet-shews are given, and Harlequin exhibits his tricks; besides some smaller ones. All of them indeed are open only during the carnival; and then the Romans overgorge themselves with theatrical spectacles, as on festival days they do with flesh—with this difference, however, that they enjoy the latter with more relish than the former, and that their

meat is far better than their plays. I was present at the opening of Argentina theatre. The opera of Ignes de Castro, with tedious music by Guiglielmi, was given. A Mrs. Plomer, who was said to be in the service of the duke of Bavaria, had been announced as *prima donna*; but that lady having quarrelled with the manager, he published hand-bills to apologize for her non-appearance, saying that she had been suddenly taken ill, and that another would be substituted in her place; but this other lady sung so low, that her voice remained a profound secret to the public. Signora Plomer, on her part, contradicted in another hand-bill the assertion of the manager, and invited her friends to a concert, where she would give audible proofs to the contrary. At this concert she did, indeed, fully convince every one present, that she was in good health, but a bad singer. Sgatelli, a castrato, about seventeen years of age, was carried on the stage seated on a throne, the fear of falling from which made him tremble. He did not fall from his throne: but

the moment he began to sing, there was a falling off indeed! The first tenorist Guiglielmi, a brother of the composer, was the best of the whole company, though hardly a year had elapsed since he began to sing. He was the only one applauded by the audience: on all the others the Romans very justly bestowed loud marks of their disapprobation. In fact, we can hardly believe our eyes and ears, when we come to Italy with the usual prepossessions in favour of that country, expecting to find there the highest perfection in music; on the contrary, good female singers are extremely rare; good tenorists still more so; and except Par and Fioravanti, the composers produce nothing but mere transpositions of notes or quavers, which we have heard a thousand times already. The band in general is not sufficiently numerous—a mechanical body without a soul: the scenery bad almost every where, and often very bad; as, for instance, at the chief theatre in Rome. The dresses of the principal cha-

racters are rich and splendid, but shew little attention to propriety of costume: those of the other actors are wretched and ridiculous. The ballets, considered in a poetical point of view, are beneath criticism (for instance the ballet *Eloisa de Trouedal*, which I saw). The dances are composed only of the leaps and stretching-out of the legs which are now so much in fashion; though few of the dancers rise above mediocrity. I was rather surprised to find the *prima ballerina* to be a signora Rossi, whom I had before seen on the Vienna stage, where she was thought fit only for grotesque and other inferior parts. Nature has given her some bones, but the flesh is gone. These bones she flings about in a very disgusting manner, and calls it grace; and her long spindle legs involuntarily promote the cause of virtue, by scaring away every soft desire. The ballet itself was as incomprehensible as the hieroglyphicks of an obelisk. A number of armed men retreated to a rock; twenty fellows in red

uniforms drew up to besiege it. The artillery was much more numerous than the whole army: two field-pieces were drawn upon the stage by living horses, mounted on a battery and discharged: some muskets were fired from the hill at the same time; and this was the whole of the battle, a white flag being at the same time hoisted by the besieged. The general of the troops, who also appeared on a living horse, now dismounted; the besieged came down from the rock, and began to dance. Orders were then given to remove the artillery; but the cattle of one of the field-pieces would not turn either to the right or left, so that, at last, they were compelled to drive straight forward into the middle of the mount. But alas! it did not end here. The conquered robber, or whoever he might be, seized the *fair* Eloisa and her child; threw the mother into a hole, and, to my great joy, shut it up. The general however (who was probably the lady's lover) soon reappeared: some scenes taken from the well-known piece *La ville aux Souterrains* follow-

ed; loud sighs, which the music was supposed to express, betrayed the place where she was confined, and every thing ended well for all parties, except the spectators, who had still to endure some miserable dances. A comic ballet, called La Pianella, was given at the end; but I had already enough of it, and did not choose to stay. The house itself is large and handsome, and has six tiers of boxes, some of which are hung with tapestry. On the first day of opening the theatre, all the ladies appear in full dress, glittering with diamonds; and the governor of Rome is obliged by a kind of custom, to treat the better class of the audience with refreshments. All the doors of the first and second tiers of boxes open suddenly after the first act; a servant bearing two lighted wax candles in silver candlesticks enters into the box, followed by a couple of lacqueys in rich liveries, carrying ice, cakes, fruit, &c. on silver salvers. A similar embassy proceeds even to the pit, but only to regale the officers of the guard on duty there: the latter, how-

ever, being surrounded and assisted by a crowd of their acquaintances, clear the salvers, perhaps with more alacrity and expedition than they would a field of battle.

The opening of the theatre of Alaberti, which is of the same rank with the Argentina, was delayed on account of the yellow fever; several performers who had been invited from Florence not having arrived. At the theatre *della Valu* comic operas and dramas are given alternately. Though some changes had taken place since I was last in Rome, the company of opera performers belonging to this theatre did not seem to be much improved. None of them rise above mediocrity. A new opera by Par, bearing the title, *Una in Bene ed Una in Male*, was excellent. The first singers, signora Falz, signors Albertanelli and Ghedins, could not greatly contribute by their moderate powers to the success of the piece; but the excellent music awakened such an enthusiasm among the audience, as to induce them to place Par in a coach, and to conduct him in triumph, with more

than a hundred carriages and flambeaus, through the principal streets of the city. This sudden burst of enthusiasm, and this mode of conferring well-merited honour, pleased me the more, as it was quite new to me; for in Germany, where we keep our feelings more under the control of reason, such scenes are unheard of.

I likewise saw some comedies at this theatre. The men are in general tolerable good performers; and the Italians seem to have in particular a natural turn for comic parts: but the women are extremely vulgar; and when representing ladies of rank, unbearable. I was present at the performance of an original piece, in which the emperor Joseph II. was introduced *incognito*, and the star on his breast at last cleared up the mystery. Good heavens, how easily are these people satisfied! every body was called for. The representative of the emperor, when announcing the piece to be presented next day, took an opportunity to say how happy he felt himself in re-appearing before so enlightened an au-

dience. This compliment pleased; and he was called for again, to be applauded separately. In another piece which I saw, there was a madman who was also called for, even before the piece ended. He had the good sense, however, to lay his chains aside before he appeared: but this was not enough for the audience's humour for applauding; they called for the buffoon too; he appeared, but feigned to be afraid of the madman, and thus acted an interlude at which the Romans were almost dying with laughter. All sermonizing, all their sentiments, and particularly all invectives against philosophy, were applauded with a kind of fury. At last the audience called for the whole company of actors. In Germany this silly custom of calling for an actor's separate appearance on the stage, has often been ridiculed; but the Italians far outdo us.

The theatre *delle Valle* is not very large, yet there are no less than five tiers of boxes. The embossments of the boxes, on both sides of the stage, are decorated with busts

of celebrated poets and musical composers, whose names are in large golden letters underneath. I am well pleased with this mode of distinguishing eminent men; but I think it is improper to confer such an honour upon them whilst they are still alive; a thing they have done to Parsiello. I do not dispute the merit of this great composer; but to prevent the evil effects of flattery, I wish that the dead only should be admissible into the legion of honour for poets and artists: for otherwise it will happen to them as to kings and princes, to whom such marks of distinction are no longer of any value, because the same compliment is paid indiscriminately to every one of them.

The abuse of tearing the curtain for the purpose of peeping into the pit, is no where carried further than in Italy: and particularly at the theatre della Valle; where there are holes in the curtains through which not only the head, but almost the whole body, may conveniently be thrust.

The curtains too are sometimes so scanty and narrow as to leave some of the scenery exposed to view on both sides. Indeed, the Italians in general do not take any pains to preserve illusion. I will mention an instance. At the theatre of *Fordenoni*, or *Apollo*, a drama full of horror was given: the scene was in a forest at night, and the lamps of course were let down; but the moment the chief actress, who was probably thought handsome, appeared on the stage, the audience cried out, "Lumi, lumi!" upon which the lamps immediately reappeared: but the smoke arising from them was very great, and the audience grew impatient. The candle-snuffer now appeared on the stage, and trimmed the lamps during the representation: but as they did not burn well, the audience again cried "Lumi, lumi;" and now two dirty-looking fellows came forth, carrying boxes filled with candles, which they placed on the stage. During all this the actors proceeded as if nothing had happened. The calling for the favourite performers prevailed here as

much as in the theatre *della Velle*, though both the actors and pieces performed were much worse. The house is large, is built in the form of a horse-shoe, and contains six tiers of boxes, the camaien painting of which has a good effect. The scenery was very indifferent here, as indeed are all the other stages of Rome. I approve of their custom of burning wax flambeaus in chandeliers in the middle; the whole house being thereby well lighted.

The theatre *della Corde* is only for puppet-shews, but I prefer good puppets to indifferent living actors. There was a Harlequin among them, who greatly entertained me, though I did not understand all his popular allusions and puns. Never shall I, without laughing, think of the scene in which old Harlequin lay sick a-bed; his little son, a harlequin too, came hopping in; and was lifted upon the bed, fondled, examined, and instructed by the father, who gravely bestowed upon him his blessing, with a profusion of maxims and rules of conduct, many of which were replete

with drollery and humour. The puppets likewise performed a ballet. This theatre is pretty large, with two tiers of boxes, but too long and narrow.

An edict is published every year for regulating the police of the theatres at Rome: it is very severe, but not attended to. The managers are told by this edict, in the first place, that in case they do not provide such entertainment as the public has a right to demand, instant satisfaction shall be given to the public: but though all the theatrical exhibitions at Rome are, as far as I could learn, very bad, no government ever interferes. The second article orders a fine of fifty scudi for the beginning the performance later than two o'clock (according to the Italian dial); the same fine for selling admission-tickets above the usual price except on the two first evenings. Tickets at an advanced price are however offered for sale before the doors of all the theatres, and even hawked about the streets; although it is ordered, under a penalty of twenty scudi, that they shall be sold only by the treasurer in his *botteghina*. The distribu-

tors of tickets are enjoined to behave with proper respect towards the purchasers; a single witness is sufficient to convict them. If they are guilty of any fraud or extortion, they are three times *tratti di corda;* an excruciating torture, by which the sufferer often loses the use of his arms. A ninth clause forbids with great earnestness every thing that may be against good morals. If the manager is in fault, his theatre is to be shut up: if a performer or a dancer be guilty, he suffers corporal punishment; to which they are likewise liable, if they repeat a song or a dance on the demand of the audience, without having the express permission of government. Disputes among themselves are punished in the same manner. If any one make use of abusive language, he is immediately expelled the company: whoever proceeds to blows, is sent to the galleys for ten years: whoever attacks another with any offensive weapon, though no blood be shed, is chained to the oar for life; and if blood be shed, the offender is condemned to death. If such se-

were regulations were in force among us, how few of our players would escape; many of our players would come either to the galleys, or the gallows!

The audience is treated with the same severity by this edict. A person presuming to keep a place for another person by laying his hat on it, is to be committed to prison. Whoever refuses to obey the guards, is liable to suffer the torture of the *corda*. Whoever makes a noise is to be turned out immediately. If this useful regulation were put in execution, it would be necessary to send at least a regiment of soldiers to drive out the whole of the audience, and even the governor himself.

Nobody shall transgress the limits of decency in his applause, says this edict, nor manifest his disapprobation but by silence, all under pain of prison or corporal punishment; and notice is given at the same time, that the most effectual precautions had been taken to arrest every refractory person immediately: but this is merely an empty threat, of which nobody is afraid.

It is likewise enacted, that the coachmen at the doors of the theatre shall suffer the most severe corporal punishment on the spot *(tratti di corda)* if they misbehave; and the testimony of one soldier is sufficient to convict them. But, in spite of these severe edicts, these things are not managed a whit better at the Italian than at our German theatres, nay in many respects much worse.

CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A SKETCH OF THE MANNERS OF THE MODERN ROMANS.

Signor Rossi, a dramatic writer, born at Rome and still living, has drawn a very faithful picture of the manners of his native city, in a comedy entitled the "English Shoemaker." The likeness is so very striking, that I am induced to copy a few of the principal traits, for the amusement and information of my readers:

A rich English shoemaker, to whom our author has given the unutterable name of Pselth, disgusted at the extravagance of an

opera-dancer whom he kept in London, is supposed to have taken a trip to Italy, where he intends to live upon a more economical plan. His friend, Mr. Flutt, a taylor, having passed himself upon the Romans for a British duke, introduces him to Mr. Rosbiff, an antiquarian at Rome, who pretends to be an Englishman by birth. The latter immediately takes the shoemaker under his care, dubs him a lord, and fleeces him most unmercifully. He first recommends as servant a signor Trialla. This fellow when he comes to be hired, not knowing whether the gentleman he has to serve be a nobleman or a citizen, has brought his sword with him, and intends to accompany him as a cicerone or antiquarian himself, and to take a seat in his carriage if he be only a citizen: but if his master be a man of quality, he will leave his sword with the landlord in the kitchen, and mount behind the carriage. The confederates of Mr. Rosbiff are a count Ernesto, and Eugenia his lady. The countess had introduced duke Flutt to the gambling circles of the

Roman nobility, and now intends to bestow the same favour upon my lord Pselth. At first, indeed, this noble lady seems to be at a loss how to act: she suspects that duke Flutt had no right to the title he assumed, and is now afraid of a similar imposture.—" But, " exclaims the count, " why should you be so very scrupulous? Mr. Flutt has assured us, that he is a lord, and we ought to believe him."

COUNTESS. Certainly: and it must be owned, that duke Flutt, whatever his rank may be, was very polite and agreeable, and an athletic, personable man.

COUNT. And how productive of resources this zeal will prove! for, to say the truth with all possible decency, these Englishmen are prudent, very prudent people. Probably my lord has already hired a carriage: if then he should stay two or three months in Rome, we could sell our carriage and horses, for they will be superfluous, as we may make use of his.

COUNTESS. By no means, signor. It will look so very grand to see the

empty carriage of the stranger with lighted flambeaus following ours.

COUNT. What does it signify whether it looks grand or not, if we cannot contrive means to defray the expence?—A thought strikes me. Might not Rosbiff let our carriage to the Englishman, as if it belonged to some stable-keeper? When people see his lordship in it, and the servants wearing our livery, they will think we had only accommodated him with it out of friendship. Thus we shall get money and save appearances at the same time.

COUNTESS. The idea is economical; it does not, however, displease me: but now to the main point.—You recollect how well we manage with respect to duke Flutt.

COUNT. You may be easy on that account. These gentlemen always purchase something, some antique or curiosity, for which they pay a hundred times more than it is really worth. Now we have a number of old paintings in our lumber-room up stairs.

COUNTESS. Might we not sell him the large broken vase in the court-yard which

hindered every carriage from turning round?

COUNT. I should prefer getting rid of the two small pillars at the gate of our vineyard; they are of no use there, and only serve as ladders for the thieves who steal our grapes. I believe they are good marble; they are white.—

The lady is now perfectly satisfied, and my lord shoemaker pays his first visit. Mr. Rosbiff consents to take the count's carriage, in order to let it again to my lord. The count is to have for it twenty-five zechins a month; though he thinks that too little, on account of his carriage being gilt all over. It is also settled between them, that the count is to hang up an old torn picture in his room, and Rosbiff to talk the Englishman out of 400 zechins for it. The count offers 25 per cent. to the honest antiquary for his trouble, but the latter insists upon 50; which is granted at last on condition that he prevail on my lord Pselth to purchase a mosaic snuff-box, which the countess had been obliged to take for a gambling-debt of ten zechins: if my lord

gives only 35 zechins for it, the poor lady will be contented.—The shoemaker having in the mean time bought a magnificent engraved stone, which had been palmed upon him by means of his hired lackey, shews it to Mr. Rosbiff. The antiquary, being angry at Mr. Trialla's cheating my lord also, tells him that the stone is of no value: but mentions that an antique cameo, such as is rarely to be met with, had been lately found by a peasant, and fortunately brought him; and that to oblige his lordship, he is willing to part with it for a hundred guineas, the price he gave for it. Pselth does not like the cameo; but, on being informed that it is the fashion to have a whole and a broken cameo, and that his friend Flutt had accordingly purchased one of each sort, he takes it. The count, being in want of ready money, requests of Rosbiff a few zechins, as part of the hire for his carriage. Rosbiff pays him fourteen zechins, and notes down fifteen, as something must be allowed for payment in advance. The antiquary, in order to punish the lackey for

his unasked-for interference, persuades the Englishman that the intaglio recommended by Trialla is not of old Roman workmanship, but evidently by some artist among the Franks;—upon which the shoemaker returns the stone, but pays for it.

Rosbiff now tutors his pupil about the criticism of antiques and pictures, and gives him the following rules:—"Of paintings you must always praise those which are of the darkest hue. Of statues you must be most pleased with such as are dirtiest and most mutilated. For the same reason you ought to admire every building lying in ruins or ready to fall. In general, if you hear me say "That is antique;" you must instantly look grave, consider it very attentively, break out from time to time into exclamations, and finally appear as if you were quite in an ecstasy. "For," continues Rosbiff, "if any one can but dress his face in folds and wrinkles, assume an air and tone of importance and mystery, and utter only monosyllables or broken sentences, he will infallibly pass for a connoisseur."—I am afraid the case is much the same in Germany.

Rosbiff now conducts Pselth to the count. The old picture is hung up, and the antiquarian exclaims "Look there! look there! what an admirable painting this is!" The shoemaker answers, "Yes, it has been sufficiently blackened: but where was it this morning?"

ROSBIFF. The count does not shew it to every body. The Romans have only the meanness to boast of their treasures before a foreigner. You ought to purchase it.

PSELTH. I should have no objection; but that hole ought first to be sewed up.

ROSBIFF. By no means: this hole constitutes the chief value of the picture; for it is a fact that a person fell in love with that beautiful female figure, and, being unable to possess her, drove his fist through the canvas in a fit of despair.

The Englishman declares the fellow must have been a brute; as a sensible man would only love and pay women who are alive, and not their pictures. He is willing, however, to purchase the painting for 400 zechins, and the count and countess do as

if they bestowed a great favour upon him in parting with it. In this scene, Pselth commits a great blunder. The countess asks him, whether he had already visited some remarkable places at Rome. He mentions the Coliseum. How do you like it?—"Very much," answered he. "It will be a magnificent building when it is finished, especially when the holes are filled up and the whole white-washed." In the third act, the amiable noble couple have another private conversation. The countess is not satisfied with the half of the sum obtained for the painting. The count pleads his having given one-half already to Rosbiff; so that no share of the booty remains for himself.—"Besides," adds he, "you have other resources. You may introduce the Englishman to the faro-table, and go halves with him and with the banker. If his lordship loses, he will be generous and pay every thing himself, and you will share with the winner. If he wins, you may take the whole."—"Why," exclaims the countess, "give yourself the trouble to explain

to me a plan which I understand better than yourself? But, unfortunately, his lordship does not play, does not even know the cards. These two hundred zechins will be no more to me than a drop of water in a river."—"And to me," replies the count, "like a drop of water in the ocean."—They then begin to upbraid each other, and the very edifying quarrel about the picture is kept up with great spirit, till the lady is called away to attend the hair-dresser.

The shoemaker has in the mean time called for his bill from Rosbiff, and finds it rather extravagant for one day. He shews it to his valet; who, to revenge himself for the returned cameo on Rosbiff, opens his master's eyes. Mr. PSELTH reads: Fifty zechins for the carriage.

TRIALLA. It costs no more than thirty.

PSELTH. Fifteen zechins for your wages monthly.

TRIALLA. I only receive one-half of that sum. The antiquary keeps the other for himself.

PSELTH. Twenty zechins for my apartments.

TRIALLA. You might have them for twelve. A Dutch gentleman who lived here before you, paid no more for them; but the poor landlord must pay eight zechins to the antiquary.

PSELTH. Three zechins daily for dinner, and two for wine.

TRIALLA. For that you may buy half a cask of wine.

PSELTH. Four hundred zechins for a painting by Correggio.

TRIALLA. But does not your excellency see that the picture has been taken from the gallery of the mice, who have eaten a hole in it? With four hundred zechins you may purchase four thousand such rags.

PSELTH. Eight zechins vails to the servants of the count.

At this moment the post-boy enters and brings a letter from his still-beloved dancer at London. She has considered maturely of her friend's proposal, and writes very

tenderly, that she will be contented with one hundred guineas a month. Pselth immediately calculates that with the expences of only one month's stay in Rome, he may keep his opera-dancer six months. Besides, he finds little entertainment here: the lean countess does not please him; the antiquesare mutilated; the finest paintings are as black as a coal; Rosbiff may have been an honest man, but now certainly turned a cheat: all these considerations determine him; he orders post-horses, and, to the great mortification of this noble company of swindlers, he hastens back to London. Travellers who are fond of boasting of their high rank and of their riches, may draw a lesson from this comedy; for I was credibly assured, that, with the exception of some caricaturing, the history of the English shoemaker was nothing but what happened every day. Another comedy of Rossi, called "The First Opera-night," exposes the madness of the Roman ladies for being present at a first opera-night; should they even be

obliged to pawn their last silver spoon, or to sell their charms to some rich simpleton, for the price of an admission to a box.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

When a foreigner returns to Rome after visiting Naples, he will be more than ever struck with the stillness and solitude in the streets. He has no need to force his way through the crowd with both arms as in the Toledo-street of Naples; he may walk without being much incommoded, even on the Torso. Rome seems as if it had been depopulated by a plague: but it is only the effect of the pestilential dominion of priests. The city contains 120 convents for monks, and 51 nunneries. At first, however, this quiet is not displeasing, after having been stunned with the incessant noise of Naples; and he now observes with greater satisfaction the cleanliness that prevails here. Many of my readers may perhaps laugh at me when I speak of cleanli-

ness at Rome: but it is indeed clean when compared with Naples; and without having been in the latter city, it is impossible to conceive how far the love of filth may be carried. It must be owned, that on many walls in Rome, we find the word *immondezzaio* inscribed; signifying a place where every one may throw all manner of dirt—a privilege which is but too frequently made use of: but these are only particular places; and, however near they may be to each other, the intervals are clean. At Naples, on the contrary, *immondezzaio* should be written over the gates; for the whole city is a temple of Cloacina.

In winter the women of the lower classes carry about with them a small earthen pot with handles. This pot contains live coals, over which they warm their hands; and so much are they attached to it, that even when looking out at the window, they hold it before them. They have given it a very whimsical name, *marito* (husband): but

whether this be meant as a satire or a compliment to their husbands, I could not learn.

The art of conversing by means of gestures and signs, is well known in every part of Italy; but it is at Rome where it is most practised, and brought to the greatest degree of perfection. Very amusing observations may be made relative to this language in almost every church and every company. A lover will there seldom approach his mistress, but addresses his discourse to her at a distance; and they may, perhaps, be saying the tenderest things to each other, without it being possible for the uninitiated to understand a single syllable, without his even suspecting that they are conversing together.—To lay the open hand on the chin, and then cross the lips with two fingers, signifies "You are beautiful, I should be happy to speak with you." If the lady only repeats the latter part of the sign, it is understood that she consents;

but if she adds a motion of the hand, as if fanning herself, it means "Begone! I do not wish to speak to you." Raising almost imperceptibly the point of the fan over the mouth, and then gently lowering, means, "Yes: I have no objection." Ladies of quality have a still more refined method of giving this answer. They slowly bend forward the upper part of the body, and then resume their former attitude. In general, whilst making the sign, they avoid looking at the man of their choice: they only give a quick glance of the eye at him immediately after it is done, and that is quite sufficient. In Germany, to beckon with the hand signifies, "Come hither;" but in Italy it means only, "I salute you." A stranger, unacquainted with the meaning of that sign, very naturally goes towards the person making it, imagining he has something to communicate. This mode of saluting particularly well becomes a beautiful young lady. To beckon with the hand backwards, signifies with us, "Go away;"

but in Italy, "I shall come directly."—Sometimes we see the Italians use both modes of beckoning immediately following each other; which means, "I salute you now, and shall soon be with you."---To beckon with the inverted hand over the shoulder, means, "Go: I do not believe you."---To pull the corner of the eye down towards the nose with the fore-finger, means, "That is a man of mettle, who will not be played with."---Sometimes they act at the theatres an interlude or farce, where all these signs are introduced; and which therefore must prove very interesting, especially to strangers. I can give no further information about this subject; and leave it, as a more suitable task, for younger travellers to study this excellent language. I thought, however, I could observe that the much more excellent language of the eyes is thus lost, or at least not sufficiently cultivated. The Roman ladies depend entirely on their signs; the German belles on the language of the eyes; in which they have become such pro-

ficients, that they do not at all feel the want of the Italian mode of conversing.

Nor are the beggars so insufferably troublesome in Rome as in Naples. We meet, indeed, with plenty of them, and near the churches in particular; but they are not so naked, whining, or impudent. No ladies, with veils covering their faces, and drest in silk clothes, begged alms of me here, as was very frequently the case in Naples. In Condotti-street there usually sits a corpulent man with a countenance expressive of cheerfulness and happiness, who, with a jovial smile, requests a trifle from those who are passing by, and who derives a good income from this novel mode of begging. If you give him nothing, he only shrugs his shoulders a little, and says, with a mild tone of voice, *patienza!*—If you put him off with the excuse that you have no change, he replies in the same manner, "*La mia disgrazia!* How unfortunate I am!" It is said that he every year gives a feast to

all the beggars in Rome; and I can easily believe it when I look at his merry good-humoured face. Mendicity by persons of a higher rank is much more common than in Naples. The servants of a nobleman, into whose house a stranger is introduced, wait upon him next morning to ask for their vails; but this is not all. If the master has the politeness to return the visit, immediately after his *famiglia*, that is, his servants are announced, and demand money for the honour that has thus been conferred on the stranger. The domestics here have all very low wages, and depend chiefly upon these perquisites. Nay, some masters make them keep a regular account of what they receive, and share the booty with them. Wretched beggary! Strangers must pay the wages of the servants of the Roman princes and nobles! Most wretched beggary indeed! In some parts of Germany a similar custom prevails. I particularly allude to card-money. In Hamburg likewise, if one has the misfortune to be invited to dinner, he must pay more than double its va-

lue. Let us hope that this disgraceful custom will soon be every where abolished. In Rome, indeed, a stranger would not lose much by not frequenting the fashionable companies and assemblies: as he will find nothing there but insipidity and carols; or at most, now and then, a little music. If he be anxious to see the princess Cesarini, who, like madame Recamier at Paris, is here the reigning beauty, he may meet with her in the Corso; where the Roman ladies appear at a certain hour almost every day, in their carriages. They halt on the Place de Popolo, when the favoured youths approach, even mount upon the step of the carriage, and chat with the smiling belles, whom there is then an opportunity of viewing and admiring at leisure.

The Romans are so passionately fond of the lottery, that I was surprised I did not find here a church dedicated to saint Fortuna; the common people, however, worship this goddess under different names. In summer, hundreds of them assemble towards midnight near a church whose name

I have forgotten. Here they chatter aloud with each other till twelve o'clock. The first stroke of the hammer produces a dead silence: and the moment the sound of the last is heard, the whole assembly is in motion; and goes in procession to a neighbouring church, where they most fervently, and with believing hearts, implore the holy Virgin to grant them—good luck in the lottery.

The Romans esteem it a vice to steal, but murder is thought no crime. They are ashamed of being seen in company with a thief, but a murderer is only called a "poveretto" (poor fellow), and they willingly assist him to make his escape. The wearing of offensive weapons is prohibited here, but not so strictly as at Naples; and fatal stabs with knives are still very frequently the consequence of quarrels; but there has not been an instance for several years back of a stranger having been assassinated. The Transteverini (Romans living on the other side of the Tiber) distinguish themselves still by their audacity and fierceness. A number of them lately went to a wine-house,

before the gates of Rome, where they drank freely. On their return to town they divided into two parties. The one had reached town before the other, and had entered a coffee-house to refresh themselves; the other followed them, entered the coffee-house, but left it sooner, without bidding good-night to the first party. These latter found themselves offended. From words they proceeded to blows, from blows to throwing stones, from stones to knives, nay, some fetched muskets from their houses in the neighbourhood. Several were killed on the spot, many were carried home badly wounded. The sbirri (officers of the police at Rome) did not dare to interfere; and it was not till the affray was over, that they endeavoured to take some of the ringleaders singly. One of the latter, at whose door they knocked during night, asked from the window, "Who is there?"—"The officers of justice," was the reply. "Stop a moment," said he, "I shall come down immediately." He accordingly came, armed with a pair of pistols, opened the door, killed one of the

sbirri on the spot, and mortallywounded the other; on which, having himself received a stab, he sunk, expiring to the ground. It is of no avail that petty insignificant crimes are immediately punished with the *cord*, which is, indeed an inhuman torture. The arms of the culprit are twisted out of joint at the shoulders, in such a manner that he is very frequently rendered a cripple for life. The kind of sport so very common at Naples, in which two persons endeavour to push their fingers into each other's faces, I never observed in the streets of this city; where it is strictly prohibited, on account of the many disputes which it occasioned, particularly in the night time. The Romans are said to be proficients in the game. If they only see a stranger stretch out his fingers half a dozen times, they are sure to be at him; for they instantly observe not only which of them he generally uses, but their eyes are by practice accustomed to perceive, from the slightest movement in the muscles of the hand, which fingers he intends to stretch out, on

which they instantly regulate their own accordingly.

At the merry season of Christmas, the bagpipers of the kingdom of Naples ramble as far as Rome; where, as in their own country, they disturb the morning slumbers of every stranger with their music. On Christmas-eve the streets exhibit a cheerful spectacle. Not only the shops with toys for children (which are far inferior to the toys of Berlin), but all those where eatables of any kind are sold, are decorated in the most singular and whimsical manner. As the poorest Italian must have a turkey at this festival, you see those birds hanging up plucked, by hundreds, and almost all of them have oranges in their bills. Beef and veal are covered with gold and silver tinsel, and even adorned with ribbons. Hundreds of sausages are suspended like garlands; and in their vacancies are placed for a contrast, in paper cases, the white *ricotta*. Oranges are even fixed at the top of every pine-apple, and the latter are arranged in

the form of little pyramids. Instead of the fir-trees which decorate the market-places of the north, the Romans use small laurel-trees, to which they affix oranges and lemons. The whole produces a very pleasing effect. In the night of Christmas-eve the streets are very noisy. The peasants from the adjacent country assemble early in the evening in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, whose beautiful white columns are covered and disfigured with red damask. Thousands of lights illumine this magnificent temple. But as the great mass is not read before midnight, the peasants, many of whom come from a considerable distance, naturally grow tired and sleepy, lie down, and throw themselves upon one another in the corners and colonnades, or recline against the monuments; where they enjoy profound slumbers, and amid the enchanting illumination form groups exquisitely picturesque. I know artists who, accordingly, never fail to pass this night in the church, and always leave it in the morning enriched with new ideas. There is yet an-

other attraction which allures artists as well as those who are not artists: the most beautiful females of the highest as well as of the lowest classes repair thither about midnight, that amid the illusive lights they may exhibit their charms to greater advantage. Here you may study forms, and plan intrigues that lead to the production of new forms. When the bell at length rings, the peasants start up half-asleep; the females assume a pious air; Christ is born, and placed on the high altar in a magnificent silver cradle, which is in fact a master-piece of art. On this occasion an indecency is committed of which heathens would scarcely have been guilty; it is this: two common fellows climb up on the altar, and trample about upon it for a long time with their clumsy feet before they can place the cradle in a proper situation. Besides this silver cradle, the church is said likewise to possess the real cradle of our Saviour; which I had not the honour to see. An immense multitude of candles are lighted up around

it; and on each side are stationed four men of the pope's Swiss guards, as a proof that, at least, the dress of the harlequin is still retained.

From the first day of this festival a great number of *præsepiæ*, or mangers, are exhibited at Rome. These are representations of the nativity of Christ by means of puppets. Most of them are in churches; I went to see them all, and they are mere children's play. At one of them I was diverted with a boy who was relating to the people the extraordinary history of Mary's delivery with vehement pathos and great gesticulations, but so rapidly that you could scarcely understand a word he said. One of these mangers distinguishes itself every year among the rest, and displays some ability in the artist. It is called *della Regola*, I believe from the street in which it is exhibited. Some devout genius, assisted by the contributions of the pious, executes it annually in such a style, that the best scene-painter would scarcely equal him. It is

placed on the flat roof of his house. The whole is composed of a few boards, some cork, and puppets. In the fore-ground is the celebrated stable itself, with every thing appropriate; but being too near it produces the least effect. But, on the other hand, if you look over, and on one side of the stable, you discover a landscape most beautiful and animated, distant mountains, with towns and villages on their sides, cottages, pastures, corn-fields, streams, &c. The illusion is so complete, that, notwithstanding my excellent sight, I could not for a long time be persuaded that they were the work of art. I could have sworn that what I saw over the roof was the open country; and that the man had only availed himself with dexterity of the distant mountains, so as to make them serve for a suitable back-ground to his pretty performance. But the artist, flattered by this declaration, took me himself to the roof, where I beheld with astonishment at how small an expence this enchantment was produced. The stream which I had just before seen *wet* and *run-*

ning, was nothing more than a painted board laid in an oblique direction. The same were the mountains, which had appeared to be many miles distant, and which now reclined not more than two paces from me against a chimney. The trouble of executing this little performance is a mere act of piety. You pay nothing to see it: even the sentinel who made way for us through the crowds that were flocking to see it, and to whom we offered a trifle, refused the voluntary present, but with great politeness reminded us to take off our hats.

The *monte testaccio*, or mount of potsherds, is said to have been produced by all the potsherds, which, since the time of Tarquin, the potters residing in that neighbourhood have been obliged to carry to this spot, that the river might not be choked up by them. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive how a hill of such magnitude can have arisen from such potsherds. This is, however, the fact, be its origin what it

may. It has now become a natural curiosity, on account of the extraordinary coolness it affords in summer, by means, as it is said, of the air, which acquires such a temperature in the interstices between the potsherds. The finest wine-cellars are constructed in it, and in consequence, great numbers of people resort to the place, especially in October, to drink the cool beverage. A multitude of tables are set out under the trees, and the bottle is pushed merrily round. On the shore of the Tiber they dance the saltarella. Those who love quietness retire to their homes at the approach of night, when disorders and even assassinations are not rare. The burying-ground of the protestants is separated from the Monte Testaccio only by a meadow bordered with trees.'

The eve of the Epiphany is celebrated by the Roman people with as much festivity as Christmas eve in Upper Saxony. All the fruit and pastry-cooks' shops are splen-

didly decorated: and are provided with a kind of hobgoblin; which is in some a figure with an ugly mask and fiery eyes, and in others a person disguised in the same manner, who plays all kinds of tricks. To this extraordinary but universal custom, the origin of which I should like to know, belong stockings filled with oranges and other fruits. These stuffed stockings are seen suspended every where, and sometimes letters are fastened to them with pins. Lovers present to the objects of their attachment, stockings of this kind, which do not even appear to be new. In large shops they go to a still greater expence. You there see puppets, of the size of children twelve years old, which are seated or standing, and apparently conversing: each has a stocking stuffed with fruits hanging at its side. The confectioners vie with those of Berlin in the exhibition of their art, and often surpass them, especially in the choice of the subject. The former generally content themselves with low scenes: but here I observed the conflagration of Troy, the death of

Mark Anthony, the discovery of America; in a word, nothing but dignified subjects, which usually occupy a space ten or twelve paces in length, and two in breadth, the theatre of which is not rarely painted, decorated, and illuminated with the utmost elegance: the small figures being ingeniously grouped, and in general executed with great correctness, at least as far as regards the effect. It may easily be conceived what a crowd of joyous spectators surround these shops. Nevertheless, people of rank, regardless of the convenience of the people, drive their carriages in long rows through the streets, crammed as full of people as the stockings of oranges, and even stop before the shops, so as to produce a pressure that is really dangerous. I must acknowledge that I have myself been guilty of the same impropriety; but were I governor of Rome, I would certainly not suffer it. A native of the north, who is accustomed to perpetual winds, is struck on this and various other occasions with the many thousand lamps, burning without any

cover in the streets, and which are yet never extinguished by the wind.

By a singular privilege the police of the Spanish Place, in which I resided, is under the jurisdiction of the Spanish ambassador, whose palace is situated in it. The person who has him for his friend may commit murder, or any other atrocity he pleases, in this place. No sbirre dares to lay hands on the culprit, who stands unconcerned, and turns the ministers of justice into ridicule. Even in cases when the Spanish ambassador does not extend his protection to the offender, he at least gains sufficient time, by this admirable regulation, to provide at his ease a secure retreat. The inferior court must first present its report of the circumstance to the superior; the latter must transmit information of it to the governor, and the governor must acquaint the minister of state; the minister of state must dispatch a written note on the subject to the Spanish ambassador, to which the

Spanish ambassador must return a written answer. It is easy to conceive that, during this interval, the assassin has abundant time to escape. A year or two ago an unfortunate man who was stabbed in this place, expired at the corner of the street, where his body lay from morning till night before the usual formalities allowed it to be removed. The ladies of pleasure are not permitted to follow their profession in any other place in Rome: they too are under Spanish protection; for this reason they all reside in the houses round about it, and the place swarms with them as soon as evening arrives. It is highly ludicrous, or, if you please, highly indecent, to see the grave deportment of the Spaniard, and at the same time to consider him as the supreme protector of the ladies of easy virtue. The imperial ambassador likewise possessed similar privileges in the place surrounding his Venetian palace, but his wiser government long ago relinquished them. Is it not the height of folly to permit foreign powers to exercise a peculiar jurisdiction in

a city like Rome; and by the inviolable respect paid to that jurisdiction, to encourage the commission of crimes?---Pius VI. suppressed many sanctuaries, as they were called, in and near churches; and since that period the number of assassinations has considerably decreased. On great festivals, patroles parade the streets of the city on horseback, from morning till night. This, however, did not prevent two persons from being stabbed on new-year's-day, at the fountain of Trevi. "The better the wine is," say the Romans themselves, "the more frequent are assassinations."

With all these atrocities a high degree of Roman-catholic piety is, as usual, combined. Before the assassin sneaks to execute his bloody purpose, he hears mass, goes to confession, and is then perfectly prepared. If you only pay the Roman clergy for masses, you may do whatever you please. The only capital crime in this state is, to neglect the mass. Accordingly, the book of post-roads begins with the following exhortation: "Let him who

is about to set out on a journey, above all things, go devoutly to confession and the sacrament; then let him procure a mass to be said for the souls of the deceased, or one *pro itinerantibus*. On the morning of his departure he must hear another mass; and when he enters his carriage, or mounts his horse, or begins his journey on foot, let him repeat a psalm, or tell his beads, or whatever else God may inspire him. When he has actually left his home, let him say with a contrite heart a *confiteor*, and then the annexed prayer." Here follows a long Latin prayer, in which the angel Raphael is implored to accompany the traveller. To this succeeds the song of praise of Zechariah, likewise in Latin; and the conclusion is an eternally long *oremus*, in which God is reminded that he conducted the children of Israel through the Red Sea, the three kings from the east to the manger at Bethlehem, and Abraham out of Chaldea; and that, therefore, on the present occasion, he must be to the traveller a parasol in heat, an umbrella in wet weather, a mantle in

cold, a conductor in weariness, a staff in slippery paths, and a harbour in shipwreck. Excepting these edifying things, the Roman book of roads is the most wretched of the kind in all Europe, for scarcely a single station is correct; and, in particular, the accounts of foreign countries betray the most diverting ignorance.

Naples is in general considered as a cheaper place than Rome. I found it the reverse, though in the latter I resided at the best hotel. Apartments, equally good with those at Naples, are cheaper by a full third. The same is the case with regard to the keeping of a carriage. The expences of the table are nearly alike in both places. The lacqueys are rogues in one city as well as in the other. Articles of dress are dearer at Rome, and display less taste than at Naples. Good drinkable table-wine is more easily procured in the former; excellent Florentine wine, which is not to be had in the latter, costs only one shilling a bottle.

The vegetables are very fine. I never met with better broccoli, cabbage, Swedish turnips, and particularly onions. The latter are here boiled whole with beef: they are deliciously sweet, and produce none of the disagreeable effects, either on the palate or the stomach, which proceed from those of other countries. The bread might be better. The *maccaroni* are brought from Naples, and it is said that they can no where be made so well: but in that city they are not all alike in quality, and I often found them sandy. Sea-fish are as plentiful here as there, and of the same species; but not so fresh, as it is necessary to convey them from the nearest ports. Poultry is the favourite food of the Italians; but geese are very seldom eaten. Most of the soups are seasoned with grated cheese. The celebrated Roman flower-cheese, *caseo di fiore*, is, however, notwithstanding its fine name, very insipid stuff. It resembles fresh goats'-milk cheese, but is said to improve with age. The best cheese in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, is undoubtedly that which is de-

nominated *strachino di milano*. Coffee and sugar are exorbitantly dear. A pound of good coffee costs nearly three shillings. For coffee for three persons, with a few slices of bread and butter, I was obliged to pay at the rate of five shillings per day.

It is an opinion generally received in the north, and to which I myself for a long time gave credit, that the ancient Romans were acquainted with a method of making a particular kind of mortar; that it was this alone which rendered their buildings so durable, and that the secret has been lost. This was not the case. The Romans prepared their mortar in the same manner as we; but their sand is of a quality much better adapted to the purpose than ours. In the north, it is necessary to protect new-built walls from the wet, if you wish them not to fall to pieces again: at Rome it is the very reverse. To give a wall the utmost possible durability, they pour upon it a great quantity of water, by which it is

converted into one single stone; and when it is destroyed it falls not in small pieces, but in huge masses, which lie like the fragments of rocks around. This sand is accordingly conveyed to distant regions as ballast. The ancient Romans, however, understood an art with which the moderns are unacquainted; namely, that of building with free-stone without mortar, in such a manner that the stones appeared to have been cemented together. Persons well-informed on the subject, actually imagine that they not only hewed the stones, but likewise had some method of polishing them, by which their cohesion was so wonderfully increased.

In St. Peter's church is an altar, over which you find a representation of the very probable history of St. Peter and St. Paul armed with swords, flying down from Heaven, and putting to flight Attila the king of the Huns. It is said that the present pope has frequently performed his

orisons before this altar, in the hope of effecting a similar miracle. It is likewise reported that shortly before his journey to France, he daily offered up fervent prayers on his knees on this spot. For the truth of these reports I cannot vouch: but if they are fictitious, they, at least, betray the sentiments of the people, which are perhaps the same, at the present moment, all over the world; as certain causes every where produce the same effects. Arrogance is always revolting even in those who are born in purple; but it is intolerable in one on whose cradle custom did not command the people to look with respect.

No stranger should neglect to be present at the parade of the papal guards; for never while he lives will he see any thing of the kind more ludicrous. About three hundred men, in brown smock-frocks, stand nearly as they please, opposite the column of Antoninus; they have muskets, which they likewise hold as they please. The band

try their instruments, each playing a different tune. The officers walk about the place, all dressed according to their own fancy. Even among those on duty, one was in uniform, another wore a surtout; this had his sword buckled over his coat, and that under it. One had boots, another wore gaiters; and the adjutants even pantaloons, with white thread stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. At length commenced the manœuvres, as they are called; that is, the three hundred men threw their muskets about as they pleased. At last they marched; and this crowns the scene of confusion. No two feet are lifted up or put down at the same moment; and every member seems intended to demonstrate that a curved line is longer than a straight one. The musicians and soldiers vie with each other in murdering all measure. It is fortunate that only a saint, who knows nothing about marching, looks down from the column of Antonine. Had the good old emperor been left on its summit, he would

long ago have thrown the whole column upon their heads.

As a warning to all future tyrants who may chance to read this book (for at present I know only two that will not), I here state, that in the country about Rome, the name of Nero is still pronounced as one of the greatest of curses and execrations. *Per il corpo di Nerone*, is as much as to say, By the devil himself.

I have a thousand times seen representations of the holy Virgin standing on the moon in the first quarter; a hundred times have I asked what that is intended to signify, and have as often received for answer that it denotes chastity. But why a half-moon should be an emblem of chastity, nobody could tell. I was, therefore, obliged to make an hypothesis on the subject myself; and suppose that the Christians, poor in invention, have in this instance, as in many

others, borrowed an idea of the heathens, namely, the crescent of the chaste Diana. But at the same time to denote the triumph of christianity, they have taken the moon from the head of Diana, and converted it into a footstool for their Madonna. If I am wrong, I shall be glad to be corrected.

The arch of Constantine is now entirely cleared of the rubbish that buried its foot; and when I left Rome, preparations were making to surround it with a similar kind of wall and railing as that which encompasses the arch of Septimius Severus. Some of the columns have been partly cleaned, to discover of what material they are composed. It is *giallo antico*. Most of the Romans are of opinion that the digging round this arch was a superfluous labour.

In the palace of Spada stands the same colossal statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Julius Cesar was assassinated. While

the French were masters of Rome, they conceived the idea of representing the Death of Cesar by Voltaire, in a Roman theatre; and to strengthen the illusion, they, with great trouble, actually brought this statue on the stage. Great complaints are made of the injury it suffered in this removal, for the modern assassins of Cesar did not treat the great Pompey with much tenderness.

The printing-establishment of the Propaganda at Rome, pretends to be in possession of the alphabets of all known languages, and printed specimens of them are actually sold there. But if none of them be more correct than the German alphabet, which is so easy to be procured, they are of very little value. No German would ever imagine them to be the letters of his native language.—A learned Dane, residing at Rome, had lately very great trouble to procure something to be printed in the Coptic language. He was under the necessity of correcting it at least twenty times before it

was only tolerably accurate. This pretended opulence in languages must therefore be nothing more than empty ostentation.

An artist of Rome, whose name I shall take good care not to mention, has composed two beautiful, but at the same time extremely malicious designs. In the centre of one is represented Buonaparte, standing, in a general's uniform, and with his sword drawn. In eight small medallions, surrounding the principal figure, are depicted his most celebrated achievements; as, for example, the battle of Marengo, the bridge of Lodi, &c. Underneath this picture is the inscription *Achievements of Buonaparte the general.* The second drawing is a companion to the former. In the centre is Buonaparte in his imperial regalia. He is again surrounded by eight small medallions, in which are represented the following subjects: 1, the murder of the duke d'Enghien; 2, the conversation with lord Whitworth;

3, the building of the flotilla for the invasion of England; 4, the institution of the legion of honour; 5, the seizure of the English minister at Hamburgh; 6, reception of the mayor who, in his harangue, said "God created Buonaparte, and rested from his labours;" 7, his parting from his brother Lucien; 8, his coronation. Under the whole is the inscription: *Achievements of Buonaparte the ruler of France.* Who would imagine that the rudeness and audacity of an artist could proceed to such lengths? Fortunately he will never meet with an engraver who will venture to multiply his ill-mannered productions.

THE MOST RECENT MIRACLE THAT HAS HAPPENED AT ROME.

THERE is at Rome a church which I have not yet mentioned; it is called Santa Maria in Cosmedin, is said to have been erected in the year 271, and is likewise denominated *bocca della verita,* (mouth of truth,) on account of a large round mask with an enormous mouth, fixed up in its

vestibule. Tradition says that in former times the Romans, in order to give the more solemn confirmation to oaths, were used to put their hands into this mouth, and that if a person had taken a false oath, his hand would have been bitten off. How the mask came to be placed in this situation, they know as little as where the antique, marble orator's chair, which is now used as a pulpit in the church, formerly stood. The mouth has ceased to bite; but to make amends the church possesses a very ancient and miraculous image of the Virgin, with a black face painted on a gold ground. The execution of this face is said to exceed all the powers of human art, according to the written testimony of two great painters, Ghezzi and Lamberti, who flourished about a century ago. Hence the priests assert, that it was painted either during the life-time of the blessed Virgin, or she appeared to the painter, who was probably St. Luke, or perhaps even an angel. The inscription on the image is evidently of modern date; but the priests get rid of that objection by

saying that the inscription was placed under it at a later period. At the time of the destruction of the images in the East, this treasure is said to have been rescued and brought to Rome. In this city it has performed numerous miracles; and, in spite of inundations and earthquakes, it has always remained uninjured. An extraordinary miracle happened on the 5th of June, 1672. On Whitsunday, the attendants had neglected to unlock the doors of the closet in which this image is preserved, and which are usually opened on all great festivals. But when the *Gloria in excelsis* was sung, and they had come to the words, *adoramus te*, the Madonna recollected that it was one of the days on which she ought to be visible; the doors burst open with a violent noise, and threw down two vases full of flowers, which had been placed before them. A holy awe seized the whole congregation, and the priests drew up a report of the miracle. Since that time the black Madonna has, as usual, interceded powerfully with heaven, but has not performed any miracles attended

with such striking circumstances and such great advantage.

Let us now see what happened in the year 1802, at the beginning of our highly enlightened century. A nun, Annunziata Marcelli, twenty-seven years of age, falls sick in September; she is afflicted with a painful abscess, cough, spitting of blood; and being given over by the physicians, she receives extreme unction. Her confessor presents her with an image of the blessed Virgin in Cosmedin; she applies it like a cataplasm to her aching breast, and finding that of no avail, she requests her confessor on the 17th of March 1803, to procure her a little oil out of the lamp that burns before the image; and at the very moment she makes this request, she feels an unusual internal emotion. On the 19th of March the oil is brought: full of faith, she anoints the abscess, and lays the image upon it again. Her cough, and the spitting of blood, together with the other symptoms, return once or twice at first, but she soon falls into a slumber, and the blessed Virgin of Cos-

medin appears at the foot of her bed, in the very same form as she is exhibited in the church. Moved by the fervent prayers of the afflicted sufferer, Mary lays her hand upon the abscess; the patient suddenly opens her eyes, springs out of bed, throws herself on the ground, and remains in that posture full three-quarters of an hour in a trance. She then rises, and is perfectly well. On the same morning, the 20th of March, this nun, who was before reduced to the weakest state imaginable, proceeds with firm and steady steps to the church of her benefactress, where she continues several hours returning thanks on her knees, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience; returns on foot to her convent, and partakes with a good appetite of the ordinary coarse food, as though she had suffered nothing from illness. The following day she paid a visit to the cardinal protector of her convent, and to several churches; and has remained uncommonly healthy to the present day. This whole miraculous history is attested by, 1, the

nun herself; 2, the superior and all the sisters who attended the patient; 3, the confessor; and, lastly, two learned physicians. Upon this the government permitted the story to be printed on blotting-paper, accompanied by a wretched wood-cut, in which the nun is represented lying in bed at the moment when the Madonna applies her hand to her breast. From this edifying narrative I have made a short extract. The most remarkable circumstance of the whole affair, is undoubtedly the attestation of the two physicians and the surgeon: their names are Buciolotti, physician in ordinary to the convent; Moricini, who is besides professor of chemistry; and Deci, surgeon. "The nun, who is of a melancholy phlegmatic temperament," say they, "was attacked in September, 1802, with a violent vomiting. Bark could not be applied, and consequently the fever continued; together with daily vomiting in spite of all *tonic* and *anodyne* medicines, among which opium in particular was administered in every form, both internally and externally.

At length the fever left her; but in its stead a swelling appeared on the left side of the epigastrium, immediately below the sinewy extremities of the two or three first ribs. This swelling was extremely painful at the slightest touch, and continued to increase, till at length it projected full half an inch beyond the ribs. The colour of the skin was not changed, and every thing shewed that the seat of the swelling was to be sought in the membranes or the intestines underneath them. All emollient remedies, and even *cicata*, were ineffectual; as were likewise the gums, soups, salts, &c. taken inwardly; and as all these medicines only increased the vomiting, which was now attended sometimes with frothy, and sometimes with black blood, they resolved to prescribe nothing more. In a short time, an obstinate dry cough, accompanied with a burning fever, supervened towards evening; the patient grew gradually weaker, her dissolution seemed to be at hand, and no alteration took place in the swelling. Such was her state on the 19th of March; but

on the 21st, what an astonishing change!—not a trace of the swelling was to be found; the cough was gone, and the vomiting had ceased. All the strength she had lost was suddenly restored, she was able to walk a considerable distance, to go up and down stairs, without assistance or difficulty After the most careful examination," add these learned physicians, "no trace of any previous crisis could be discovered, either by urine, stool, vomiting, or monthly evacuations (which latter had ceased during the whole period of her illness); whence it is evident, that her sudden recovery is not to be ascribed to any natural means, but solely and alone to the intercession of the blessed Virgin."—Thus far these sage gentlemen. It may easily be imagined that the priests belonging to the church have not failed to turn this miracle to advantage. The orthodox believers thronged thither in crowds; for three days a *triduo* was celebrated, and on the third even his holiness Pius VII. attended by twenty-one cardinals, was pleased to visit the church, and to im-

part his benediction. A priest wrote a pamphlet, entitled *Notizie historiche dell' antichissima e miraculosa immagine*, &c. which is likewise lying before me, and concludes thus: "Since that time the sacred image has been exposed to public veneration, is visited, worshipped, and praised every hour by many thousands of the pious; innumerable believers confess and communicate, procure masses to be read, purchase imitations of the image, seek to obtain some oil from the lamp, and all with the greatest justice; for here is an inexhaustible spring of benefits, spiritual and corporeal, which God will cause to flow" (into our pockets) "to all eternity. Amen!"

BETWEEN ROME AND BOLOGNA.

By the same gate, which three months before I had entered with anxious expectation, I now quitted the metropolis of the world with a light heart and gratified curiosity. I passed over the *Pons milvius*, now *Ponte molle*, a bridge which was destroyed

in the battle between Constantine and the tyrant Maxentius, and was afterwards rebuilt by one of the popes. An ancient tower that is still standing, is said to have been constructed by Belisarius to defend the passage of the Tiber against the Goths. Here it was that Maxentius precipitated himself into the waves, and put a period to his life, which has probably been represented in too black colours. Proceeding along the *via Flaminia*, formerly lined by a great number of splendid mausoleums, you arrive at

CITTA CASTELLANO,

A WRETCHED place, and interesting only to those who bring with them recollections of antiquity. Here once stood Veii, here dwelt the proud Veientes, whose achievements would probably have been as highly celebrated as those of the Romans, had they possessed historians like the latter. Three hundred years they struggled with the Romans for their liberty; beneath their walls fell the three hundred generous Fabii, who

quitted Rome unaccompanied, in order to immortalize their race by their magnanimity. Furius Camillus at length overcame this martial people. The place now contains nothing but mean-spirited beggars, of whom Volkmann even asserts, that they live in caves. Since he travelled, they have probably built houses, which it is true are miserable enough, but are not at all like caves.

NARNI

Has an extremely romantic situation, on the brow of a lofty hill. Just before you come to the town, the road is bordered by precipices; where the rugged crags, rent asunder in the most picturesque manner, form defiles so narrow, so dark, and so frightful, that I wonder the ancients did not place there the entrance into their hell. An Orpheus climbing up the side of these abysses, would indeed stand a chance of being precipitated into the subterraneous empire of Pluto. The ancient inhabitants of Narni were a brave and resolute people.

The Romans, being unable to conquer their hill, resolved to starve them out. This they actually accomplished: on which the Narnians having first killed their wives and children, afterwards dispatched themselves; and the awe-struck conquerors entered over heaps of dead bodies into the desolate city. On account of this circumstance they thought proper to call it Nequinum, from *nequitia hominum*, the wickedness of men. Had the same occurred in a Roman city, would not their historians have extolled the deed to the skies? I know a modern nation, that acts precisely in the same manner; declaring it to be the most atrocious of crimes if people do not immediately give up to them all their substance, and relinquish all their possessions.—Close to Narni, but on the other side of the town, are the ruins of a bridge, built by the emperor Augustus, for the purpose of connecting two mountains, and rendering the road to Terugra more easy. This road is so extremely rugged that it can be travelled only on foot; I would, therefore, advise ladies not to

suffer themselves to be led thither by curiosity, particularly as there is not much to be seen. A single large arch is still standing on the left bank, a piece of another on the right, and the ruins of two demolished arches may be perceived in the middle of the stream. The bridge was built of freestone, and must have been magnificent.—An agreeable valley reaches from this place to Terni. But when travellers assert, that the grass is cut once a year, I shall not believe them, and the reason of this incredulity is because the valley produces no grass. Corn-fields, interspersed with mulberry trees and vines, extend without interruption to Terni. It may, indeed, have been otherwise in the time of Pliny; on whose authority this assertion is made.

TERNI,

The native town of Tacitus, and the theatre of an extraordinary wonder of nature. The cascades of Tivoli are beautiful; the fall of Terni is great and majestic. There Tacitus would probably have been a poet:

here he could be no other than a historian; and his style could not but be simply nervous, and rugged like these rocks. Here I had an opportunity of making many reflections on the influence which the objects that first surround a writer, exercise on the choice of the subjects to which he for ever devotes his pen: these would probably lead me to interesting speculations; not to the waterfall of Terni, only to digressions which I will spare the reader. No sooner had I alighted from the carriage, than I ordered post-horses, for the distance of that noble fall from the town is a good German mile (upwards of four miles and a half English). You may either ride thither on horseback, or in a two-wheeled cabriolet: in which it is indeed possible for two persons to sit if they are on good terms with each other; for they are squeezed so close, and tumbled so frequently one against the other, that two persons inimically disposed, are obliged either to be reconciled or to fight. On the other hand I wish the lover joy who has an

opportunity of making this excursion with his coy fair-one; she is inevitably lost.—We first passed through a fine wood of olives, animated by industrious peasants, who were just then (about the middle of January) engaged in gathering the fruit. At the end of this wood we reached the village of Papinia, above which towers a steep and lofty mountain; and observed the road winding round the summit, appearing at a distance like a narrow foot-path. The postilion, however, encouraged us, assuring us that he every day passed that road with his light cabriolet. We found, indeed, that the steep precipice is provided only here and there with low walls; but a stranger can have no conception of the safety with which these horses proceed along such roads. We met a great number of peasants on horseback, who trotted on the extreme verge, so that there was not the breadth of a straw between them and an abyss of perhaps three hundred fathoms, and were as merry and unconcerned as if they were taking a ride in a park. They might with conve-

rience have kept the middle of the road, but did not give themselves the trouble to look either at that or their horses, and the animals seemed to prefer the dangerous path. Such is the power of custom! Courage is nothing more than an acquaintance with danger. At length you reach the summit of the steep mountain, and arrive at a small plain, where, five years ago, a bloodless battle was fought between the French and the Neapolitans. The number of the former was eight hundred, that of the latter four thousand, and yet they ran away as they did every where else, regardless of the venerable shade of Tacitus. The neighbouring inhabitants are of opinion, that it must have been the effect of treachery, because the Neapolitan general had shortly before had an interview with the commanding officer of the French: but I believe that nature alone is to blame, for having denied the frequently Herculean bodies of the Neapolitans the smallest spark of animating courage. This plain was formerly embellished with vines, but these were cut

down by the French for the use of their little camp. We pursued our way on foot through various windings, among laurel trees, over slippery ground: for, though it is still a quarter of an hour's walk to the fall, yet its spray reaches as far as this place. The noise of the cataract we had heard above an hour. I advise every traveller before he approaches, to stipulate with his cicerone to conduct him, without any windings, straight to a small house called Casino, built on an isolated crag opposite to the fall; else these people, who are fond of having a great deal to shew, take him to situations where he discovers first one, and then another portion of the cataract, and not only lead him unnecessarily round about, but greatly diminish the general effect.—The day of our visit was serene, and one of the coldest we had experienced in Italy; for the vapours rising like dust from the stream, had settled round about and were frozen into ice, which rendered every step that we took near these profound abysses extremely dangerous. Exclusive of the

danger, our excursion was truly comic, for our two guides were obliged to spread their cloaks for us on the slippery declivity, in order to afford us a safe footing. As soon as we had all passed from the first mantle to the second, we were obliged to make a long halt, till the first mantle was carried forward and placed by the side of the other, and so alternately the whole way. At length we reached the object of our wishes: we stood beneath the shed open on all sides up to the ancles in water, and exposed to a drizzling rain. But who could here think of any inconvenience for the first ten minutes? and who could, even at the end of twenty-four hours, conceive the idea of describing this spectacle? From a perpendicular height of two hundred feet the whole current of the Velino precipitates itself among the craggy rocks beneath, and the scene which it there presents is not a subject either for the pencil or the pen. Your eye is fixed, your ear is stunned, the ground on which you stand shakes incessantly; terror almost seizes you, and obliges you to

tremble too. But a spectacle delightful, enchanting, and unparalleled, rivets your attention; you perceive a rainbow—a *bow* did I say? a *circle*—yes, positively, you perceive the whole variegated circle overarching the fall, and so nearly uniting at the bottom, that not above a twelfth part of its circumference is wanting at the base. This phenomenon is like enchantment. We are so accustomed to see in the finest rainbows at most a semicircle, that we are lost in astonishment at this spectacle. And what colours! such Iris never painted on the firmament: they all burn; it is an artificial firework in the midst of the water. But this is not enough; nature seems to take delight in surprising your senses with new wonders: the circle is suddenly reflected to the right and left; you see four arches at the same time, and the colours of these very reflections are as vivid as those usually exhibited elsewhere by the finest rainbows. The waterfall of Terni is truly beautiful, but infinitely more beautiful is the rainbow of Terni, and the recollection of its

being a sign of the covenant between God and man, must be strongest on this spot. I left it with a sentiment of profound melancholy, and shall remember it with transport as long as I live. It is one of the three objects which will indelibly impress on my mind the recollection of Italy; the flaming Vesuvius, the subterraneous Pompeii, and the rainbow of Terni.

If I had even seen nothing more of Italy than these, I should have returned satisfied.—I would, however, advise every traveller who intends to spend half an hour at this spot, to take an umbrella with him; otherwise, notwithstanding the serenity of the sky, he will get wet to the skin. On our return we walked to the foot of the mountain, that we might enjoy the delightful prospects. This pleasure, however, was embittered by the circumstances related to us by our guide. He was a poor man from Papinia, who procured a scanty subsistence by gathering olives, or working in the vineyards as a day-labourer. He assured us, that all the inhabitants of his village were

as poor as himself; for the French had plundered them of every thing. They had wantonly murdered his aged and infirm father; and he had seen them strip the women of the rings from their ears, the necklaces from their necks, the buckles from their shoes, and the clothes from their bodies. I asked how the Neapolitans had behaved. They had, in his opinion, no time to plunder, for they instantly ran away.—The remains of a temple dedicated to the sun are said to have been discovered at Terni. I went to see them. It is a small circular edifice, the exterior of which, it is true, bears marks of antiquity; but I am inclined to doubt whether the small stones of which it is constructed are actually so ancient as the time of the Romans. The building must once have had an open rotunda. The interior has been converted into a little, awkward church. Under a clock in the market-place of Terni, Volkmann asserts that he saw an inscription, but it is no longer to be found. I shall, however, transcribe it; partly because it contains a fine idea,

and partly because it affords an additional proof that modern languages are in most cases susceptible of equal brevity with the Latin, and sometimes even surpass it in that respect. *Hora, dies et vita, fugit, manet unica virtus:* "Hours, days, life fly; virtue alone remains."

SPOLETO.

If Pliny is to be believed, this handsome town is inhabited by the most ancient people in Italy. They were likewise distinguished for their valour, for they repulsed Hannibal, who had laid siege to their city; and the gate from which they sallied is still called *Porta fuga*. The inhabitants are still proud of the circumstance, for when I enquired for the *porta fuga* the common people immediately related with great animation the exploit of their ancestors. The ruins of several antique edifices, which are said to have been temples, are still to be seen at Spoleto. A temple of Diana, as it is called, without the town, has an architrave in good preservation; on which, among other deco-

rations in bas-relief, there are likewise bunches of grapes. The traveller proceeding towards Rome, will undoubtedly stay here for the gratification of his curiosity longer than I did, who was returning from that city, and had seen its most magnificent ruins. For the same reason some pictures by Guercino and Annibal Caracci, had not power to allure me into the church; though it is not improbable that they may long ago have have been removed by the French. Volkmann relates, that in the vicinity of Spoleto there is found an incombustible fossil or wood; I know not which, for I write from memory. I made enquiry of several inhabitants of the town, but none of them knew any thing of the circumstance. On the other hand it is very certain, that the adjacent country produces good wine, which is rather sweet, but of a very agreeable flavour.

The road to Foligno is romantic. Among other objects you suddenly come in sight of a town built round a mountain exactly in the same manner as the tower of Babylon is

generally represented, the road winding in a spiral direction up to the very top. It is commonly said that the road to Bologna by way of Ancona is more convenient than by way of Florence; for my part I did not find that to be case. In the latter there are many hills which you can only ascend by means of oxen; but in the former you are not once obliged to have recourse to the aid of those animals. Perhaps these hills may be steeper. The use of oxen, however, is probably only a custom of the country; for I ascended and descended all the hills in both roads on foot, that I might lose no part of the delightful prospects, without perceiving them to be steeper in this than in the other. When you approach a station where you change oxen, the postilion takes a large shell from his pocket, and produces from it a loud, hollow sound which is heard at a great distance; and which, from the descriptions of the ancients, has the greatest resemblance to the tone of the Roman *Tuba*.—Those who wish to get clear as soon as possible of the Apennines, should

take this road (though it is a considerable circuit); for they climb among them, at most but two or three days, whereas they would be not less than twice the time in the other. To counterbalance this inconvenience, the beautiful Florence affords a charming point of repose. Both roads are good, only the traveller should be accustomed to travel along the brink of abysses which have neither wall nor rails. The inns are almost all bad, but those on the road to Ancona are superior to the others. The worst of a journey in winter through Italy is, that you suffer so much from cold; for though the most intense cold does not exceed one or two degrees, and consequently a native of the north experiences no inconvenience from it in the open air, yet the houses are as cool as cellars, and the preservatives against cold are truly wretched. Fire-places, it is true, you find every where, but they generally smoke so intolerably, that you are glad to see the fire extinguished again. Besides, not a single door is provided with a proper lock or latch; at most you have nothing

to fasten them with but a padlock; so that if you chuse to sit with the door shut, you must keep a servant stationed at it, to open and shut it whenever any one wants to go in or out. In spite of this troublesome precaution, you are continually tormented by the most terrible draughts of air; for the doors are not only full of chinks and holes, through which that foe to health penetrates, but there is not a window that does not allow it free admission. When you take into the account the floors of brick and the ice-cold bed-chambers, without fire-places, it will be easily conceived, that a journey in winter through the deep snows of Russia is performed with much more comfort than one through the verdant fields of Italy, where at this moment the natives are gathering their harvest of olives. The proverb, "All is not gold that glitters," is perfectly applicable to this case. Those who wish to travel in this country with any degree of comfort, would do well to provide themselves with furs and fur-shoes, not to wear abroad but in the house. They ought

likewise to take with them a stock of good wine, for a tolerable beverage is very rarely to be met with. Nor should they forget coffee, sugar, cups and saucers, wax-candles, snuffers, ink, pens, &c. which are either not to be procured at all, or are of very bad quality. Nay, I would even advise every traveller to take with him a pair of bellows; for he will no where find this article, so indispensable for a fire-place, and the want of which is frequently the reason that the fire burns so ill. In many places even knives and forks, especially the latter, are something rare. Notwithstanding the praises I before bestowed on the veturinoes, I must now confine them entirely to those of Florence, and warn the traveller to be particularly on his guard against the Roman veturinoes. By means of my landlord, who appeared to be a very honest man, I engaged one of the most celebrated veturinoes of Rome to carry me with four good mules in ten days to Bologna, and as usual stipulated that he should pay for supper. Having placed myself early in the morning, be-

fore it was light, in the carriage, I heard the well-known sound of the mule-bells before it, and had no reason to doubt that the mules themselves were there. But when it grew light, I perceived that instead of those long-eared animals, they were nothing but horses, which are not by far so sure-footed in mountainous countries, and consequently the fellow had grossly deceived me. On the second day we were twice in danger of breaking our necks, because the horses were not able to stop the carriage in going down hill. As one of them was completely knocked up, and I was used very ill at the inn through the negligence of the veturino, I paid him for two days and sent him back. His disappointment rendered him talkative, and he declared that he had been obliged to give my rogue of a landlord ten scudi (about two guineas and a half) which he should not be able to recover. The name of my honest host is Sarmino; he keeps a very good but a very dear house in the Spanish Place. He is extremely officious to provide every thing that a stranger wants,

but not without abundant interest, as may be perceived from this specimen. When I afterwards enquired of the landlord at Terni why he had accommodated us so badly, whereas I had experienced the best treatment when I travelled with Florentine veturinoes, he replied, that the Florentines alone provided without parsimony for their passengers, and willingly paid six, seven, or even eight *paoli* (about three shillings and sixpence) for each person, while the Romans grumbled to give three or four. The mystery was now explained. I hired post-horses, was involved indeed in frequent disputes, paid rather more money, but travelled twice as expeditiously, and was treated in the best manner. But to give an instance of the shameless extortion of the Italian inn-keepers, I shall only state, that the first night I was obliged to pay ten scudi for a very indifferent supper and wretched beds for three persons. The postmasters are equally eager to impose upon the traveller, and he seldom leaves a station but what they attempt to force upon him an addi-

tional horse. After this little digression I hasten to pursue my route.

Proceeding from Serra Valta to Ponte la Trave, you perceive, near a bridge, on a wild and lonely hill a cross, beneath which is interred a Spanish countess, who, two years ago, was murdered on that spot. The good lady had incautiously suffered those about her to perceive that she had with her money and jewels to a great amount. At the last post station of Valcimara, her own courier had formed an intimate acquaintance with the postmaster, who likewise kept the inn there; a third accomplice was soon found, and they lay in wait in this solitary spot for the unfortunate lady. She was escorted by two dragoons, one of whom was shot and the other fled; while the countess herself was dragged from her carriage and inhumanly murdered. The vengeance of justice swiftly overtook the three assassins, who were taken and quartered alive; after which their mutilated bodies were hung upon three trees near the spot where the crime was perpetrated. There they are still

suspended, a horrible spectacle. The place, as may naturally be supposed, is haunted. At midnight three blood-stained ghosts rise beneath the trees, and sigh. After some time they slowly proceed to the bridge, and fix their hollow eyes upon the cross. A majestic female clothed in white then appears, and stalks across the bridge. The three spirits drop, sobbing, upon their knees, and stretch out their hands in the attitude of supplication. The majestic female, however, proceeds on her way, without taking any notice of them; and the three spirits are immediately converted into three flames of fire, which burn and crackle, till, at the expiration of the midnight-hour, they are extinguished with a loud noise. The white figure, on the contrary, is changed, on the other side of the bridge, into a rosy cloud; which continues to ascend, and before it is entirely dissolved in air, seems for a few moments to shed a soft roseate tint over the summits of the mountains. No sooner has the rose-coloured cloud vanished, than a tempestuous wind suddenly sweeps through the

lonely valley, the bones on the three trees rattle, and the whole spectral phenomenon is at an end.—A fine subject for a ballad. But let us pass to a less melancholy subject. It is impossible to forbear laughing when you meet at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Rome, flocks of one or two hundred turkeys, travelling lovingly together on foot to that city. One person is sufficient to manage the well-disciplined troop. For this purpose he employs a reed; which, as is well known, grows to a great height in Italy: the length of this reed is at least equal to the breadth of the road. He holds it in the centre with both hands; and walks in the middle of the road, to cut off the retreat of his fellow-travellers. If he meets in the Apennines (where the road has in general a precipice on one side and steep rocks on the other) carriages, for which he is obliged to make way, he drives his flock towards the rocks, where the animals remain quietly gazing till it has passed, and clucking a hundred salutations to the traveller. It is impossible to conceive how

the moderate profit can compensate for the expences, the difficulties, and the loss of time, of such a tedious journey: for though the feathered travellers do not proceed far in one day, yet they certainly cannot arrive at Rome in better condition than when they left home; and are probably fed again in that city, that they may be rendered worthy *gallinaccios* for the tables of the prelates and cardinals.

In the same manner large herds of fat swine are driven to Rome: they are black like those of Naples, but not so naked.

LORETTO.

I HAVE likewise made a pilgrimage to the blessed Virgin at Loretto, and have been in the house in which she *never* lived. Every one knows that the kind angels took the trouble to remove this house entire from Jerusalem, and to carry it on their wings to Dalmatia. But not liking that country, they only reposed for a short time, probably took some refreshment, and packing up

the house again, flew with it across the Adriatic sea. They first placed it in the shade of a forest: but on account of the wickedness of two brothers in that neighbourhood, they posted away to a third station; and carried the house in safety to Loretto, where it remains to this day. It is a pity that the good angels had not paid more regard to travellers and pilgrims; and had reflected that all mortals have not wings like them, and that it must consequently be extremely inconvenient to the children of men to climb such a confoundedly steep hill. When you are once at the top, you are tolerably well pleased; for Loretto is a very pretty little place, and is distinguished by its broad and straight streets from all the towns of Italy that I have yet seen. We found there a tolerably good inn, a fire-place that did not smoke much, and (what drew from me expressions of joyful surprize) a lock to the door. We slept soundly under the protection of the Madonna, and hastened the next morning to survey her habitation. In all the streets

through which we passed, millions of rosaries and crosses were exposed for sale; they are manufactured of every kind of coloured glass and stones, and after being stirred about in the Virgin's soup-dish, are consecrated by the priests.—The canons who have the honour to attend upon the Madonna, are distinguished by a grey patch on their shoulders; and reside in a spacious edifice, which is connected with the church by a magnificent, wide, open colonnade. Beneath this colonnade are legions of beggars, who, being unable to move the heart of the Madonna, try whether travellers will be more compassionate than she. At every step the stranger is stopped by a dirty extended hand, or an old greasy hat. Before the church stands a metal statue of pope Sixtus V. The papal costume is so absurd, that a statue thus clothed must necessarily be a disgrace to any place: but the physiognomy of this old rogue is faithfully represented; such he undoubtedly looked, when he deceived all the cardinals in the conclave by his cough. Though it was early in the

morning, we found the church filled with believers kneeling and walking on their knees, and most of the altars were attended by loquacious priests. We immediately advanced to the *Santa Casa*, a small quadrangular building in the middle of the church, and covered on every side with *bas-reliefs*, among which besides other things the history of the laborious removal of the house is represented. Marble steps and brass doors lead to the interior. One of the latter was brought with the building by the angels, and is never opened. To make amends, a *bas-relief* of the scourging of Christ is exhibited upon it. No person, indeed, would ever conceive that this shapeless piece of metal had ever represented a Christ, it has been kissed so smooth by the lips of the pious. Not less astonishment is excited by the view of the marble steps and the whole marble floor round about, for both contain furrows as deep as those of a newly ploughed field. These have been imprinted by the knees of believers. If

we reflect for a moment how many millions of kisses and of knees it required to produce this smoothness and these furrows, it is enough to make us weep (if we could for laughing) at the silly blindness of men who fill the short span of life with such ludicrous exercises. We first entered the kitchen of the blessed Virgin, which is now situated behind the altar. Probably the altar itself served for a fire-place: but this apartment now contains nothing to remind the spectator of a kitchen, excepting the Madonna herself; whose face is so black, that she must, like a good housewife, have been a good deal in the smoke. It is well known, that, during the last war, she made a little excursion with the French army: which pleased her so highly, that she accompanied it to Paris; where she was stripped of all her superfluous finery, and was at last sent back, not long since, stark naked to Rome. The modest pope, ashamed of this exposure of her virgin charms, ordered her to be newly clothed from head to foot,

and to be again decorated with all kinds of trinkets, well knowing how fond even sainted females are of such finery. She now wears diamond ear-rings not worth much, great numbers of *genuine* pearls manufactured at Rome, and many glass stones which glitter surprisingly by candle-light. Her former jewels, after receiving a modern form, now probably impart lustre to the French court. It is not unlikely that those who are decked with them, may likewise carry in their pockets the golden lamps which were once suspended here in hundreds. Their places have, indeed, been supplied by others, but these are only of metal gilt.

On quitting the kitchen, I went to pay a visit to the Madonna in her parlour. It is an apartment with naked walls and an arched ceiling, which is now used as a chapel. It was crowded with people on their knees. At the back of it is a casement window, at which the angel of the annunciation entered: he must have been very slim, for the window is extremely

small. The architecture betrays the modern date of this building. The story cannot have been manufactured more than three or four hundred years ago. The house was probably a chapel originally, and growing too small for the inhabitants, they built over it a church of larger size, resolving not to pull down the chapel before the latter was completed. When it was completed, and the next consideration was to provide it with relics, some ingenious priest conceived, that one of the most precious relics could not be obtained in a cheaper way, than if they were to declare that the old crazy chapel was the habitation of the Virgin Mary. That this story would find believers was never doubted, and indeed it has.

It was one of these whose bowels the Turks once tore out; and told him with a sneer, to carry them himself to Loretto. He immediately packed up his intestines, took the bundle under his arm, and cheerfully proceeded with it to this place. The journey cost him nothing, for without entrails

he wanted neither meat nor drink: as soon as he had arrived, he laid himself down in a convenient grave, and this miracle was perpetuated in a painting. This painting the French, filled with veneration, have left where it was; but on the other hand, they have taken away one by Raphael. Some other good pictures have likewise remained: not originals as Volkmann asserts, but only copies in mosaic; which would indeed be equally beautiful with the originals, if the two parts of which they are composed fitted exactly to each other. I saw too, among other things, the celebrated treasury of the Madonna. It is a large handsome apartment, the walls of which are covered with vast splendid presses, that have been totally emptied by the French. They formerly contained effects valued at thirty millions of scudi. Scarcely any thing was thought of gold and silver, for they had here diamonds by bushels. Why the ecclesiastics of Loretto were not as wise as the canons of Mentz, who removed their treasure in time to a place of security, I cannot

comprehend. Did they imagine that the French, who drew a prostitute through the streets of Paris as the goddess of Reason, would pay respect to the antiquity of the Virgin? This is best known to themselves. I saw many of these silly gentlemen sitting to hear confession: each of them held in his hand a long stick, with which they tapped upon the head those who came to confess. On inquiry I learnt that this tapping on the head is a valuable privilege peculiar to the ecclesiastics of this place, by which they alone are able to forgive sins. As they possess besides an immense cellar, well furnished with prodigious casks, too numerous for me to count, and all of which are full of wine, it is to be hoped that their reverences will never hear confessions just after they have come out of this cellar, otherwise this kind of play with the stick might not be the most agreeable to the confessed.—But perhaps a collection of above three hundred vases is more worthy of notice than any thing I have yet mentioned. They are nothing but Faenza ware;

and their forms, destitute of taste, betray the manufacture of the middle ages: but they were all designed by Raphael; and many of them, for example the twelve apostles, were likewise painted by him. This performance, unique in its kind, he executed for his sovereign, the duke of Urbino; and the latter presented the whole of them to the laboratory of the blessed Virgin of Loretto, where they form a kind of gallery, but no other use is made of them. I inquired of the young apothecary who shewed us them, how it happened that they were not carried off by the French; and he without hesitation declared this oversight a miracle. It is, indeed, the only miracle, in my opinion, at Loretto. The vases are of various dimensions, and form an extraordinary medley of scriptural subjects, and stories of the heathen gods. Of the latter some were of such a nature, as to make me doubtful whether they were the productions of Raphael; among the rest, the rape of Europa, which indeed betrays an imagination too voluptuous. A Venus perfectly

naked, and other subjects of the same kind, are so indecently expressed, that I wonder the blessed Virgin did not throw the present at the head of the donor. After we had abundantly provided ourselves with rosaries, we arrived, by the most dreadful roads, which I can compare to none but those of Saxony, at

ANCONA;

A port rendered so celebrated during the late war, by the French, the Austrians, the Russians, and even the Turks. Its situation in the Adriatic resembles that of Naples, and affords a delightful view. Ancona is a handsome large town, surrounded by mountains, whose summits are crowned with picturesque castles.

We hastened to the arch erected in honour of Trajan, because he had repaired the harbour at his own expence. It is not large, but is in far better preservation than that of Constantine and of Septimius Severus at Rome. It has not, like them, become black with age: the white mar-

ble has only turned a little grey. Its eight fluted Corinthian columns have remained uninjured. It is evident that it had originally various ornaments, and among the rest festoons of bronze; for the barbarians have not taken the time to cut them out entire, but broke them off, so that the fragments of the metal still project. The inscription in the middle is for the greatest part legible; and those on each side, in honour of the wife and sister of Trajan, are still plainer. I highly approve of this method of rewarding the good deeds of a monarch in those who are the nearest and the dearest to him, though they may not have contributed in a direct manner to the benefit; for who can say how far the mildness and benignity of their character may indirectly have influenced the mind of the sovereign? In the harbour we saw among others, four English merchantmen taken by French privateers, and now lying there for sale. As one of them bore the figure of Nelson, the French may boast that

they have gained at least one victory over the gallant admiral.

The exchange at Ancona is a handsome building, and was crowded with merchants.—I should have liked to go to the playhouse, though it is situated in the filthiest part of the town, and rather resembles a herring-warehouse than a theatre; but unfortunately the *buffo* was ill. I made inquiry concerning the date-muscles *(ballari)*, to which Volkmann ascribes the property of shining in the dark. I obtained date-muscles, indeed, in abundance, and had an excellent and strengthening soup prepared from them; but nobody, not even the fishermen who caught them, knew any thing of the brilliant qualities ascribed to them by the above-mentioned traveller. I nevertheless placed a plateful of them in my room, and vainly flattered myself with the hope of saving candles; so that I must set them down in the same class with the incombustible wood of Spoleto. At Ancona you reach the end of those extremely lofty

and steep mountains, which you are obliged to climb up and down in every preceding stage. For instead of fixing the stations for changing horses at the foot of the mountains, and carrying the road conveniently along the sides of the hills (which would be a great saving to the traveller, his carriage, and the post-horses), they have chosen to place them on the summits of the rocks, which it is impossible to ascend without the aid of oxen. These situations, however, afford a better opportunity of practising the noble art of imposition. I would venture to lay any wager, that if a traveller in Italy were quietly to take at every post the number of horses which the post-master chooses to assign, he would at last have twenty or more, if there were so many in the stable. In the Apennines, where the hills are the highest, they were the most moderate; but the nearer we approach to the level country, the more shameless were their attempts to impose upon us.

Close to Ancona, on this side of the city, there is a single hill to ascend; for which

reason eight horses were put before my carriage, though we had every where travelled very conveniently with four. The level road then ran along the coast of the Adriatic, through Sinigaglia (whose once-celebrated fair has never been able to recover its former consequence) to Fano, where I went while they were harnessing the horses to see the remains of the arch erected in honour of Constantine. It consisted originally of three arches, above which were thrown (in the genuine taste of that age) seven others, which were consequently very small, and must have resembled the windows of a house that has been consumed by fire! Nothing is now remaining but the large arch in the middle, on which the ruins lie in heaps: all the rest was destroyed in the wars about three hundred and fifty years ago. Fortunately a representation of the whole arch in its entire state, and with all its inscriptions, was hewn in the wall of an adjacent church. The inscription says, that the arch was erected to the emperor, because he had inclosed the town with a

wall. In those days they were as lavish of triumphal arches, as certain persons are at present of ribbons of orders. As I returned, I surveyed with great curiosity the theatre of Fano: because, from its external appearance, I could have sworn that it was an ancient Gothic church; for over the entrance were the figures of three bishops hewn out of stone, and a belfrey completed the illusion. My guide, however, assured me that it had never been used for any other purpose than at present. The interior is very capacious, much too large for Fano, and in the same Gothic style as the outside.

On my return, I found that two extra horses had again been harnessed. The postmaster attempted to prove his right to do so from the printed laws; which he was, however, unable to read. I therefore read them to him; and there was not a word to confirm his assertion. He, nevertheless, obstinately persisted in his purpose. With a view to put a stop at once to these perpetual and impudent impositions, I resolved to go

to the governor of the town, and to inform him how travellers in Italy were treated. The post-master accompanied me, and at my request took his laws along with him. I found in the governor an old and apparently very honourable man: he heard me with great politeness, examined into the business, read the laws, gave the post-master a severe reprimand and requested that if I again experienced the smallest difficulty, I would send to him, and he would make an example of the offender, for it was extremely disagreeable to him that travellers should suffer any kind of inconvenience in his government. Accordingly I got rid of the blood-suckers for a time; and I was resolved to introduce this anecdote for the credit of Roman justice, as so little can be related to the honour of this country. The post-master afterwards asserted, that it is the usual lot of little fishes to be swallowed by the great ones; and by this proverb, which is but too true, had nearly excited some stings of conscience within me, only the fine

level road from Fano to Pesaro soon convinced me that he himself actually belonged to the class of the rapacious fishes.

I cannot leave this road, which I travelled on a Sunday, without remarking that the country people, especially the females between Ancona and Fano, are extremely handsome. I saw in this tract so many fine women, that I would advise any sovereign who wishes to have a beautiful race of men, to invite colonists from this country. The second circumstance that attracted my notice was, the infinite number of sportsmen who were loitering about near the road. Every one is at liberty to kill game in the papal dominions, which appears to be a very impolitic concession; for the game is not only exterminated in consequence, but the Italians, naturally indolent enough, become too much addicted to a diversion which I know from experience is liable to fascinate too strongly those who are fond of it. Nor can it be advisable to put into the hands of the Italians weapons of destruction,

which they are so apt to employ to bad purposes.

PESARO.

A SMALL, pretty town, was the ancient Pisaurum; a Roman colony, established (if I mistake not) by Marcus Antoninus. Traces of its antiquity were formerly to be seen in the *palazzo publico*, where many ancient monuments and inscriptions were preserved; but they have all been destroyed and dispersed by the revolution. At present there remains only one palace that contains real treasures for the antiquarian, and it would indeed be worth the while of such an one to reside for some time at Pesaro, in order to make Europe acquainted with these almost unknown stores. Olivieri di Abbate, a descendant of an ancient Pisaurian family (he styles himself *eques Pisaurensis*), was a man equally distinguished for his learning and his wealth, and a great lover and collector of the antiquities of his country. Of these he formed a large assem-

blage, founded a museum and a library, and bequeathed both in his will to the inhabitants of his native town, on condition that they should never be alienated. Blessed be his ashes! I likewise went to see the tomb of this excellent man in a church: where his heir, whose name is Machivelli, has erected to his memory a marble monument over which, could he only see it, he would weep tears of blood; for it is a most bungling performance, a motley mixture of things, all of which have a reference to the predilection of the deceased for the arts. His spirit, however, still breathes in his palace. Immediately as you enter, the hall is lined with fragments of antique *bas-reliefs*, inscriptions, monuments, columns, &c. all of which were found at this place; for to such alone the patriot confined his researches. Over the pagan antiquities is written the word *Pisauriensia*, and over the more modern monuments, *Christiania*.—Some of the inscriptions are in the Greek language. The walls of the great staircase are decorated in the same manner. The

fragment of a *bas-relief* fixed in the wall particularly engaged my attention; it is a sitting figure (the head wanting), whose feet rest on a lion, over which hangs a serpent. The museum itself is said to be very large; but unfortunately I could not obtain a sight of it, because the director of it was from home. I therefore content myself with directing the attention of learned travellers to this treasure, which is so little known that thousands hasten past it without suspecting its existence. A collection of pictures is likewise shewn in the palace, but it is not of much consequence. One of the saloons has been painted by Lazzarino, an artist recently deceased. He was a native of Pesaro, and on this account it is that his townsmen are so proud of him; for the respect with which they spoke of him, excited in me great expectations, which were far from being fulfilled. In many of the churches there are pictures by him, all of which I was obliged to see and to praise, in order to please the honest inhabitants of Pesaro. His best piece is an Annunciation

of Mary, which is distinguished from all other Annunciations by the circumstance that the angel appears in the presence of several persons, who all look at him with countenances expressive of fear and astonishment. In one of the churches I found an infant saint, of whom I had never heard before—a boy, whose name is said to have been Simon. He is reported to have fallen into the hands of the Jews, by whom he was pinched with red-hot tongs, and cruelly murdered. This horrible, and certainly fictitious, story, is represented in a picture which is not badly executed. The Jews have the poor child in the midst of them, and seem to take exquisite pleasure in tormenting him. Hence he has been declared the protector and defender of children. Pictures of this description, which inflame still more the violent hatred of the catholic populace against the Jews, ought not to be permitted by the government. How easily might not a fanatic be instigated by this truly revolting scene, to murder a Jewish infant! I shall remark on this occasion that the Je-

at Ancona are not compelled, as formerly, to wear a piece of scarlet cloth in their hats. This senseless custom has long been abolished.

I did not fail to go to the theatre of Pesaro. The audience was entertained with an *opera buffo*, of which I can only say that the singers were as bad as the music, notwithstanding which the contented spectators bestowed on them abundant plaudits. Two ballets were likewise announced. I saw only the first: a Turkish medley, a seraglio story; the decorations, dresses, and dancing of which were far below mediocrity. The *prima ballerina* alone distinguished herself to advantage, and will probably in time become a good dancer. The poor girl was scarcely fourteen years old, and had grown so fast that her long red arms were not covered by her old clothes; and which, together with the flatness of her bosom, gave her something of a spider-like appearance. The house is pretty large, but too narrow for its size. Four tiers of boxes, lined with various kinds of stuffs, were filled

with spectators. The style in which we went to the theatre was much more droll than the comic opera. For want of another carriage we went extra post. A cabriolet drawn by two horses made its appearance; on one of the horses rode the postilion, and the lacquey mounted the box with a lantern, and in this manner we drove at full gallop to the theatre, but not without some exclamations of anxiety on account of the terrible shaking we received. Pesaro has many manufactories, and numerous institutions for breeding silk-worms, in all of which great quantities of wood are consumed. It is rather extraordinary that these manufactories should have been established in a country perfectly destitute of wood, all of which is brought hither from Dalmatia, so that it is easy to conceive how scarce and how dear that article must be at Pesaro.

I cannot quit this little town without relating one more anecdote of Lucien Buonaparte; who proved here, as he has done every where else, what a tender husband and father, and consequently what an ex-

cellent man, he is. It was not his intention to stay for any time at Pesaro, but his wife felt symptoms of approaching child-birth. Full of tender solicitude, he immediately engaged the whole inn for three months; and sent for more than sixty young women from the country, to choose from among them a healthy nurse. That the manners of the country people, even in Italy, are still uncorrupted, was clearly proved by these female peasants. Lucien signified that he would not hire any of them till she had been examined by his physician, and the women were all too modest to subject themselves to such an examination. One, for whom he conceived a particular liking, refused besides to leave her husband; though he offered her two scudi (about half a guinea) a day, and two new dresses every month. This anecdote both pleased and surprised me. Fortunately, Lucien did not want them; for his wife recovered, and they arrived without accident at Milan.—The traveller must not expect to find at Pesaro the fine pictures which formerly decorated

that town. All the Raphaels and Guidoes were compelled by the French to emigrate; on the contrary, they did not take a single Lazzarino, being unwilling to hurt the feelings of any living artist. Such, at least, is the idea with which the inhabitants of Pesaro console themselves for the neglect of their favourite.—Not far from Cattolica you arrive at length on the frontiers of the papal dominions. With a bleeding heart the stranger traverses these delightful regions, destitute of happy inhabitants, and peopled only with the insolent who command, and the indolent who obey. Could I envy the celebrated hero of the day, it would be on account of the moment when it was in his power, like a second Hercules, to annihilate a monster whose breath has infected countries and the minds of men far and near. But he was satisfied with confining it; with making it tame, so tame that it carries him crowns. True glory is not the object of every hero.

RIMINI

Was once a celebrated town, and you still enter its walls by a triumphal arch erected there to the emperor Augustus, for what reason I know not. In the market-place stands a pedestal, which chance once honoured more highly than if it had supported the Olympian Jupiter by the chisel of Phidias; for when Julius Cesar, in defiance of the senate, had passed the Rubicon, he mounted upon this stone, harangued his troops, and then led them towards Rome. That this is the identical stone is attested by an ancient inscription, the evidence of which I do not consider indisputable, but which I willingly believed, at least as long as I stood before the stone, and in imagination beheld the great man upon it.

In or near the church of St. Francis, I sought the grave of Themistius, a Byzantine philosopher, and a commentator on Aristotle. Pandolfus Malatesta, a Venetian general, lord of Rimini, and a passionate

lover of the sciences, is said, after the conquest of Sparta, to have brought with him the remains of this philosopher from Greece. Unfortunately, I could not find the spot, probably in consequence of the ignorance of the sexton. I discovered, however, the tomb of Malatesta; and his remains attracted my notice, not because he was the conqueror of Sparta, but because he afforded an additional instance that an ardent love for the sciences does not always soften the character and manners, as is generally asserted. The learned are more mild and more humane, only because they have not in general any power in their hands. Were they possessed of power, they would often be worse than the most ignorant despot. This Malatesta, for example, ordered two of his wives to be dispatched by poison, and the third to be strangled. They are accused of infidelity to his bed, probably because he was not worthy of their affection; for the art of securing the constancy of a woman consists only in that of always appearing amiable in her eyes. The lord of Rimini,

however, was so far from thinking this circumstance a disgrace, that an inscription which still remains, speaks of the horns which he wore as a public spectacle, and adds that the brows of many are adorned with the same appendage without their suspecting it. Some *bas-reliefs* on Malatesta's tomb appear to possess some merit.—This church might indeed be called the church of *bas-reliefs*, for I never saw such a number of them in one place. It is supported by quadrangular pilasters, the four sides of which are covered with them from the top to the bottom. If I am not mistaken, there are among the rest several histories from the heathen fable. They are all composed of white marble, which forms a singular contrast with the roof, which exhibits nothing but the naked rafters. I heartily wish that some future traveller may be able to devote more time than I could spare to the survey of this remarkable church.

A strong French garrison, said to amount to seven thousand men, is stationed at Rimini. The convent near the church of St.

Francis serves one battalion for barracks. I observed here the metal statue of one of the popes, and was again struck with the reflection how a statue so ludicrously attired would disfigure the finest market-place in the world. A few trees of liberty are still standing here and there, but in a shattered condition: the colours hang down in rags, and the caps were materially injured by time. I am, however, of opinion, that of all monuments of Cisalpine freedom, these are in the best preservation.

Cesena is no further remarkable than as the birth-place of the late and present pope. The nephews of the latter were, as our landlord assured us, poor devils whom nobody knew; but now, since the elevation of their uncle, they ride in their coaches, and are treated with great respect.—I here saw for the first time the people running about the streets masked. They made a droll appearance. All the masks indeed seemed to belong to the lowest classes; and represented bakers, green-grocers, bear-leaders, &c. For one man there were at least ten women in

masks; most of whom carried birch-brooms in their hands, and waded merrily through the mud.

On the whole, the superior industry of the inhabitants of the late Cisalpine republic is very striking. The fields are every where well cultivated, and covered till late in the evening with active labourers. That you have made a considerable progress towards the north, is likewise perceptible: the pomegranate-trees cease after you have quitted Rome. The laurel and the evergreen oak soon disappear too. The olive becomes more rare, and the poplar and mulberry-tree supply its place. It is in vain to look for the aloe. On the other hand, you observe in the inhabitants a greater resemblance to the Germans: they no longer disfigure themselves with brown cloaks with red borders, and ugly sharp-pointed hoods, which give the Romans and Neapolitans the air of Samoides.

Before the traveller reaches Bologna, he passes through two fine large towns, Faenza and Imola; but as I merely passed through

them, I have nothing to say concerning them, but that trees of liberty are still standing in their streets.

BOLOGNA.

Is a large city, so regularly built that its perpetual uniformity is almost disgusting. Almost all the streets have on each side covered foot-ways, supported by columns and pilasters. For pedestrians this is extremely convenient; they are sheltered from all weathers, and for this reason very few coaches are to be seen: but the ground-floors and shops must naturally be very dark; and, the stranger who wishes to see houses, seeks them in vain. The Bolognese must be passionately fond of these covered ways; for, not contented with having concealed their houses with arches so that they can scarcely find their own, they, about a century and a half ago, built a covered passage from the city to a Madonna on a hill which is not less than two good German (about nine and a half English) miles

in length, and is in many places hewn through steep rocks. It must not be imagined that this idea originated with the government: no, it was the people, the pious people, that constructed all these countless arches at their own expence. He who was rich enough, engaged to execute one or two arches; the poor, on the contrary, contributed jointly to the holy undertaking. No rank, no class, exempted itself. With piety, vanity was, as usual, associated. The names of the donors were inscribed upon the arches erected by them, and it is well known that men love nothing more than to see their names scrawled any where upon a wall. Hence it is that we here find inscriptions perpetuating the memory of the pious donations of here a regiment of cavalry; there, the musicians of a church; in this place, of the grocers' company; and in that, of the livery-servants. Many have decorated their arches with wretched paintings, for every one was at liberty to follow his own taste in that particular: hence the inside of one arch is

seldom like that of the next, and you meet here and there with the most extraordinary fancies. One of these pious contributors, for instance, who probably thought that by constructing three arches he should establish a threefold claim to heaven, dedicated the first to the Virgin Mary before child-birth, the second to her in child-birth, and the third to the same after child-birth. Each arch is about nine feet in length, and nearly as much in breadth; and the whole area is well paved. A few years since, this singular road was repaired and white-washed. The scribbling race could not possibly resist such a powerful temptation of scrawling their names in a thousand ways upon the walls. A board has, therefore, been fixed up in a conspicuous place, on which is inscribed a severe admonition, by which the people are reminded that this path belongs to the blessed Virgin, to whom such scrawls are intolerable. This admonition has hitherto produced very little effect. Scribbling is an hereditary sin, from

which it is utterly impossible to deliver mankind.

In spite of the emulative piety of the Bolognese, many arches still remained to be constructed (it may be imagined how many thousands were required to fill such a space); and that the work might not be left unfinished, these were added out of the public exchequer; and many of these are now to be sold. Instead of a name you frequently meet with the words, *da vendere*. For twenty-five or thirty guineas a pious Christian may still acquire the extraordinary merit of having contributed to this highly beneficial work. How sweet a remuneration is the reflection that every year two hundred pilgrim-idlers will be enabled, by the sacrifice of this trifling sum, to go five paces under shelter! With the sums expended on this undertaking, a noble hospital might have been founded; but would there have been in this hospital a wonder-working black Madonna, and painted besides by St. Luke himself? *Heretical*

foreigners used to perform a pilgrimage to a beautiful Guido Reni; but the French have saved them that trouble in future. Many of the arcades in the city itself exhibit paintings of the most absurd miracles, and excite compassion for these poor people, who cannot so much as look up without meeting with some object or other that confuses their weak imaginations.

As a recreation after such fooleries, let us hasten to the manufactories: where many thousand spindles, covered with glistening silk, crown the large wheels; which fill several vast rooms in three different stories, and are nevertheless all turned night and day by a handful of water that falls from a certain height on a single wheel. There you will be delighted with the industry of more than fifty poor children, who are continually running to and fro to piece the threads that may happen to be broken; there you will be astonished by the simplicity of the mechanism, when you observe how the whole gigantic machine is suddenly stopped by the movement of a

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finger, and as easily set in motion by the slightest pressure. It is a cheering spectacle to observe industry and genius so intimately combined.

Whether the same may be said of the once-celebrated university of Bologna, I am unable to decide. There was a time when twelve thousand students, among whom were many Germans, were assembled here at once, and when a person was scarcely regarded as a man of letters if he had not studied at Bologna. Bologna was then denominated mother of the sciences, instructress of nations, nurse of the laws; and on her ancient coins was read this inscription: *Petrus ubique pater, legumque Bononia mater.* They still relate with great exultation that a king of Denmark, in the fifteenth century, declined the throne prepared for him, and declared that he thought himself sufficiently honoured by being permitted to sit among the wisest of men. These times have long been past; but there is still an opportunity of acquiring learning at this place, and I saw a great

number of students in the passages of the vast building of the university. Nay, even in the library, reported to contain 140,000 volumes, I found, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, at least twenty or thirty, who with benumbed fingers were turning over the leaves of books, and making extracts. Here you meet with every thing that can facilitate a knowledge of the sciences: a cabinet of natural curiosities and of minerals; a large collection of physical instruments, anatomical preparations, antique inscriptions and utensils. The French have, it is true, carried away with them the best articles in every department; for with them the temple of Minerva was not held more sacred than the church of the Madonna. It was of no avail that the good-natured professors with the greatest dispatch proclaimed Buonaparte a member of their university, and perpetuated this event by a pompous inscription.

The portraits of all the living and deceased teachers are hung up on the staircase, and among the rest that of Galvani. Many of

them are by the hands of celebrated masters. The most remarkable object, however, that I met with at the university, was a kind of miraculous personage, professor Mezzofanti, who, without having ever travelled farther than Verona, can speak twenty languages fluently and correctly, and understands three others extremely well. Of his knowledge of German, Russian, English, and French, he gave specimens on the spot, with such accuracy as to excite a favourable opinion of his pretensions, especially as he is a very modest unassuming man. A tall robust lady likewise resides here, who holds Greek lectures: I know not her name, but it is of little consequence.

The cathedral is an imposing Gothic edifice, the principal embellishment of which is a meridian drawn by the celebrated Cassini in 1653. It is 174 feet in length; and in its time passed for a wonder, because two columns seemed to stand in its way; and it was not only the general opinion, but was likewise asserted both in

writing and print, that they would prove an infallible obstacle to the completion of the work. But Cassini did not come in contact with the columns, and his line has been several times carefully renewed. The skull of St. Petronius is preserved with the like care; and indeed, under three locks, the keys of which the oldest senator, the oldest canon of the church, and the oldest member of the house of Aldrovandi, have the honour to possess: consequently, if I had wished to see the hollow skull, I should have been obliged to trouble all these distinguished persons. In this church Charles V. was crowned by Clement VII. The canons enjoy all kinds of privileges, and among the rest the ridiculous one of wearing a piece of grey squirrel's skin hanging over their shoulder; and, what is of rather more importance, that of saving the life of one criminal under sentence of death, every year, on the anniversary of their saint.

Two towers which lean extremely are well worth seeing. Before you are accustomed to the sight, you imagine every mo-

ment that they will fall upon your head. Tradition relates that two architects conceived a passion for the same lady, whose father declared that he would give her to the cleverest of the two. One of them instantly fell to work and built a leaning tower, and the other erected beside it one that leaned still more. The truth is, as it very often happens to be, much more silly than the fable: for that two lovers should take it into their heads to engage in a foolish business, is nothing uncommon; but that two opulent nobles, who lived 700 years ago, could find no other way to distinguish themselves than to build these towers, is scarcely credible. The simpletons have, however, attained the end they proposed, that of perpetuating their names: for the towers are still called by their names, *Asinelli* and *Gariscadi*; nay, what is still more, Dante has done them the honour to mention the circumstance in one of his poems.

All the churches of Bologna abounded in curiosities, before they were plundered by

the French. At present few of them are worth seeing. Among these is the church of St. Dominic, in which are interred Guido Reni, and near him the excellent female painter Elizabeth Strani. Nor has Guido's tomb been spared by the French. The pictures with which it was embellished have disappeared; and even the paintings in fresco, which they could not carry away with them. Another monument worthy of notice is that of king Enzius, son of the emperor Frederic II., who was the sovereign of Sardinia and Corsica. The Bolognese took him prisoner at the time when their power was at the highest, and consequently produced arrogance. In spite of all treaties, they rejected vast sums that were offered as the price of his ransom. It is true, that, according to the custom of the times, a magnificent palace was built and assigned him: it is still standing, and is called the old palace. Here he received all the attentions due to his rank; but was detained in captivity twenty-three years till he died, and was interred with royal

magnificence. All these circumstances are related in a pompous inscription, in which the senate always call him its enemy and captive. The arrogance of the Bolognese is said to have been such, that they demanded, as a ransom, a gold chain of sufficient length to go round the whole city of Bologna. Had the art of making the fine Venetian chains been then understood, they might have been taken at their word.—Some excellent artists have thrown away their talents on the tomb of St. Dominic. Among other embellishments, two angels with candlesticks in their hands are by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

In St. Paul's church, the beheading of that apostle is represented in marble, of colossal size. Alzardi, the artist, is with justice classed among the first of his age.

In the church of St. Salvador is interred a man who was the friend of the emperor Charles V. and had been his playfellow when a boy. His name was Montmorenci, a descendant of a family which boasts of having produced the first christian barons.

He accompanied the emperor to Italy at his coronation, and died in this city. The same church likewise contains a picture which afforded me very great pleasure, though the French have left it behind. The name of the artist is not one of the most celebrated: it is Gherini. All the churches of Bologna were obliged to furnish more than forty pictures for all-consuming Paris.

The palaces being considered as private property escaped much better, and were more respected; they therefore still contain valuable treasures of art. Above all, I shall mention the gallery of the palace Sampini, and in it a Peter and Paul by Guido Reni. To this Peter, the painter has given an exquisite head, which bespeaks profound thought. One of Del Sarto's lovely Madonnas; a rape of Proserpine, by Albani, with beautiful dancing children; a woman with two infants on her bosom, by Vadyke: this woman is called their nurse, but she is assuredly their mother. A picture by old Bellini, the master of Titian, made a very deep impression on me: it is

Mary holding the corpse of her son in her arms. The living is distinguished from the dead only by the breaking, weeping eye: she presses his mouth close to hers, as if to try whether he still respires, or to breathe into him her last dying breath. It is a divine piece; and if Titian excelled his master in his art, he certainly never equalled him in sensibility. It is well known that the three Caraccios founded a school at Bologna. They have likewise immortalized themselves by many *chef-d'œuvres* in this palace, especially in the incomparable ceilings in fresco, which represent the achievements of Hercules. On account of these ceilings, the gallery is kept on the ground floor, where it unfortunately has a bad light. A crucifix of ivory, by Giovanni di Bologna, is highly admired by connoisseurs. The palace Rambeccari also contains a gallery composed of numerous, but not select paintings. After residing at Rome and Naples, the traveller who has seen so much becomes more indifferent to performances of this kind, and is unable to

say much concerning them. The reader will therefore excuse me if I pass over the multitude of other palaces in silence. The palace Caprara was formerly filled with curiosities: among the rest there was a valuable collection of Turkish weapons, purchased by the marshal Eneas Caprara; but the best things it contained were lately sold to the vicerpy Melzi, at Milan. The palace Bentivogli may, perhaps, be interesting to Germans, as the place where the elector of Saxony abjured the Lutheran heresy, whose horrors he very clearly discovered by the glitter of the Polish crown. I was desirous of seeing the church of St. Christiana, as it is said to contain two statues of Guido Reni's, whom I never heard mentioned before as a sculptor: but it chanced to be shut; and I was obliged, for want of time, to deny myself the gratification.

Bologna appears to be very thinly inhabited. In the more remote streets you scarcely meet a single individual. It has,

nevertheless, several large theatres. The opera this year was not amiss; and the ballet could boast of an accomplished dancer, who in my opinion surpassed M. Benulica, of Naples, in ability, and equalled him in self-sufficiency: for, upon the whole, there are not more arrogant creatures in the world than those which are called *primi ballerini*. As the comedians in the Italian towns are different every year, and are constantly moving from one place to another, no permanent opinion can be given of the Italian theatre. What is true to day may be false three weeks hence. In many respects the public derives benefit from this continual change; but the performers cannot be so perfect in their respective parts.

At Bologna the bookselling business is more flourishing than in any other town in Italy. This is not saying much, for in other places it amounts almost to nothing; but here you find not only the scanty productions of Italy, but likewise many trans-

lations from foreign languages, and even the French classic writers. In one street, I counted seven or eight booksellers' shops.

One of the most extraordinary and absurd customs exists in almost all Italy, Naples excepted, and disfigures the streets of the cities. When a person of any consequence dies, his arms are engraved in wood, printed upon a large sheet of paper, and painted with various colours; on another sheet of equal dimensions is represented some emblem of death, and in the middle are inscribed in large letters the words: *Pray for the soul of N.N.* These two sheets of paper are affixed to the wall of the church; and not only these, but ten and even twenty impressions of the same in one or more rows, so that they consequently occupy a considerable space, in which nothing meets the eye of the passenger but coats of arms and *Pray for the soul of N.N.* Now the churches are exceedingly numerous all over Italy; death does not spare the noble or the gentleman, but he has not the power to conquer vanity; their arms

must be pasted up, and thus remain as long as the rain and wind permit them. New ones are daily added, so that you have to go through one continued gallery of coats of arms, whose only supporter is death; and were you inclined to comply with the invitation, you would have nothing else to do but to pray for souls. Bologna was the first place in which I remarked that this ridiculous custom was particularly prevalent.—As disagreeable as this kind of tapestry is, so pleasing, on the other hand, is the cleanliness which poverty and necessity maintain in its streets. There are persons who procure a subsistence by gathering up all the dirt, and even the most disgusting things, into baskets with their hands, and selling it as manure for gardens. How man can accustom himself to every thing! I have seen a poor wretch kneading, with a kind of satisfaction and eagerness, large handfuls of this filth in his basket; at the same time that he surveyed with looks of hatred and rage a French regiment that was marching by

(the 106th), composed entirely of tall, handsome, well-fed, and well-drest men, who knew not the care of procuring subsistence. Here, as in all Italy, these conquerors, who live on the fat of the land, are mortally hated; and if an opportunity offered, I should not be surprised at a second Sicilian vespers.

The entertainment so frequently afforded me in France by the thousands of handbills at the corners of the streets, in which each individual communicated to the public his concerns and his wishes as confidentially as though he were speaking to his friend or neighbour, I looked for in vain throughout Italy. Here you find nothing but *invito sacro* (holy invitation) to this or the other church, or to some wonder-working image of the Virgin which cures fevers or any other disease. But these holy quacks act just in the same manner as the manager of a company of players who puffs off his commodities. At Bologna I read, for example, an invitation to attend the first mass read by a young priest, and be-

neath which was printed a sonnet said to have been composed by one of his friends, which concluded with nothing less than the following exclamation: "Hasten, ye pious, to see what nature and art are capable of making a man!" I should like to know what nature and art have to do with the employment of reading mass. I would have copied the sonnet as a curiosity, had not the impudent begging of the prisoners confined near the spot driven me away. These unfortunate wretches, instead of windows, have iron gratings, between the bars of which they let down with cords small baskets or their hats, and incessantly importune all passengers, especially foreigners, whom they can immediately distinguish. If you give them nothing, they are impertinent, and perhaps make you the butt of their low jokes. This kind of prisons I found all over Italy: and they have every where served to demonstrate that love is not extinguished by crimes, if they are only not committed against love; for almost the whole day they are surrounded by

women and girls, who avail themselves of every opportunity of conversing with their imprisoned husbands and lovers.

I cannot quit Bologna without once more mentioning the courageous and ingenious Zambeccari. During my first residence in this city, I wished to form an acquaintance with him; but at that time he was confined to his bed, by the painful consequences of his unfortunate aerial excursion. He is now recovered, and I was enabled to gratify my wish. I found a man whose physiognomy is perfectly correspondent to the qualities of his mind. His eyes look thoughts. He had the goodness to give me himself all the details of his ever-memorable aeronautic expedition. I saw the lamp of his invention, by means of which he can raise or lower his machine at pleasure. It is incontestable, that when the aeronaut can succeed in placing himself at a certain height in equilibrium with the surrounding air, it requires a very small exertion of force to give the balloon a horizontal direction. This force then subsists

in the light oars which are provided, and Zambeccari proved at the beginning of his voyage that his theory was founded on truth. Not he alone, but many eye-witnesses, assured me that he twice steered towards certain steeples, to and from which he intended to go and return, and that both times he succeeded with a very small exertion of strength. I was deeply affected to hear that he has a young wife and children to whom he is fondly attached. You may conceive the situation of his unhappy family, when he was so precipitately deserted by his companion Andreoli, and they beheld the husband and father soaring high above in the clouds in a blazing machine, and himself in flames; His inventive genius has already devised a method of precluding the recurrence of a similar accident: by a simple mechanism, the lamp is kept in continual equipoise; and the burning spirit is prevented from running over, even if the machine should chance to be dashed against a tree in its fall.

I had, it is true, read in the newspapers

many particulars of his first voyage, but not any animated description; and the account with which he favoured me was therefore the more welcome. "I formerly served in the Russian navy," said he; "was taken prisoner in the year 1787 by the Turks, and confined till 1790 in the bagnio at Constantinople. In this abode of misery and indolence, I was led to reflect on the art of managing balloons, and projected a theory which I printed and first put in practice in London. On my return to my native country, I submitted it to the examination of Saladini and Canterzani, two of our most celebrated mathematicians; who, as I am not rich, considered me as deserving of the support of government, on which I received a gratuity of 8000 Milan livres (about 280*l.* sterling). I prepared a machine that perfectly corresponded to my wishes, and appointed the fourth of September for my ascension. Hindrances and fatigues of every kind had exhausted me, and my hopes began to fail. I nevertheless trusted to a few friends; and

at midnight, on the third of September, I had the machine removed to the place appointed. My brother was to inform me when all was ready, and meanwhile I intended to refresh myself at home by the necessary repose. I could not sleep; and about six in the morning, as nobody came to call me, anxiety drove me from my house. I found nothing in readiness; all was only half-done, and a great part of the vitriolic acid was wasted. The dampness of the night, and the heat of the sun the following day, acted upon the varnish in such a manner that the net was glued to the balloon. To detach it immediately was impossible: in this business I employed the three succeeding days; and in spite of all my precaution, a thousand holes and rents were formed in loosing it. My feelings on being thus exposed to the ridicule of my enemies, and the displeasure of an innumerable multitude of spectators, you must permit me to pass over in silence.

"I was under the necessity of deferring

the experiment till the fifth of October. But my money was exhausted; I was unable to defray the expence a second time, and had not any friend to offer me assistance. The government was, at length, so generous as to advance me a thousand scudi, but only on consideration of my assigning over my income to it. This deed was enforced with the utmost severity at Bologna, at the very moment when the surgeon had just amputated the fingers of my left hand at Venice; and thus my family was bereft of its only support.—I was now bound to fulfil my promise to the public; and could not any longer postpone the promised spectacle, than for the interval required by the repairs of my machine. On the fifth and sixth of October, however, it rained so incessantly, that another delay was unavoidable. At length, on the seventh, the weather appeared to clear up a little, though it was evident that it was not going to be settled; but the ignorance, the fanaticism, and—(here he paused, and would not explain himself more clearly) obliged me to resolve

upon the ascent, contrary to all the principles of my own theory. The preparations required at least twelve hours: I could not begin them before one in the afternoon; consequently it was dark before I had half-finished, and I was disappointed of the expected fruits of my experiment. I had only five young men to assist me; eight others, to whom I had given instruction, and who had promised me their help, returned for answer to my application, that they were not at home. This and the unfavourable weather were the causes why the ascending force of the balloon did not increase in as great a degree as might have been expected from the materials employed. Despondency now seized my soul. I gave up 8000 scudi for lost; and so they actually are: I had nothing left but the honour of losing more. Exhausted by fatigue and fasting, for I had not tasted a morsel the whole day, with gall upon my lips and despair in my heart, I ascended at midnight above the clouds, without any other hope than that the balloon, which

had sustained considerable injury from its removal backwards and forwards, would not carry me far. Andreoli and Grassetti were my companions. I resolved, at first, to hover about at anchor till day-light; but when I observed that the balloon manifested a disposition to descend, I imagined that it had already lost some of the combustible air, as the above-mentioned damage from the conglutination of the varnish could not possibly be repaired so as not to leave some bad consequences. I now flattered myself the more with being able to descend without danger near Bologna. We ascended slowly, and remained for a considerable time stationary over the town; but we suddenly rose with great velocity, and a south-west wind soon wafted us out of sight of the spectators.

"The lamp destined to increase the ascending power was not used at first. The observations of the barometer, &c. could not be made with great accuracy by the feeble light of a lantern. The intense cold at the height in which we were, my having

fasted for twenty-four hours, and the vexation that oppressed my soul, all together contributed to make me faint, and I sunk in a death-like swoon in the boat. My companion Grassetti was in a similar situation. Andreoli alone retained his strength and spirits; probably because he had eaten heartily, and had drunk a quantity of rum. He likewise suffered severely from the excessive cold, but he did all that lay in his power to revive me. He at length succeeded in raising me upon my feet; but my senses were confused, and I asked him as if in a dream: What news? Whither are we going? What o'clock is it? Which way is the wind? and other questions of the like description.

"It was then two o'clock. The magnetic needle was perfectly useless; the wax-candle in the lantern could not burn in an atmosphere so highly rarefied; its flame grew gradually weaker, and at length expired. We descended into a thick range of whitish clouds; and when we had passed it, Andreoli heard a noise scarcely per-

ceptible, which he soon ascertained to be the distant breaking of the waves upon the coast. He immediately acquainted me with this dreadful intelligence. I listened, and was convinced of the accuracy of his report. We were obliged immediately to light our candle, in order to discover by the barometer at what height we then were, and afterwards to take our measures accordingly. By the violent agitation of the balloon, Grassetti was likewise revived a little. Andreoli broke five phosphoric lights successively, but none of them would burn. With great difficulty we at length succeeded in lighting the lantern again by means of our tinder-box. It was now half past two. The noise of the breakers seemed nearer and nearer, and I soon discovered the surface of the sea in violent agitation. I instantly seized a bag of ballast, with the intention of throwing it overboard; but in that very moment, the boat plunged into the sea and we were all covered with water. In our first alarm we threw every thing away to lighten the ma-

chine; our ballast, all our instruments, part of our clothes, our money, and even the oars, one of which we had before broken not far from Bologna.

"As the balloon, nevertheless, would not rise again, we at length flung our lamp into the sea, and cut away every thing that it was possible to dispense with. The machine suddenly flew up with great rapidity; and being now so much leightened, it carried us in a moment to such a height that when we called to each other in as loud a voice as we could, the sound seemed as feeble as if it came from a prodigious distance. I was seized with a violent sickness and vomiting, and Grassetti bled at the nose: both of us found great difficulty in breathing. As we were carried soaked with wet into these elevated regions, we were immediately covered by the intense cold with a crust of ice. The moon, then in the last quarter, was in a parallel line with us, and appeared to all three as red as blood; but the reason of this phenomenon I am unable to explain. At this immeasurable height we continued

soaring full half an hour; when the machine again began slowly to descend, and softly alighted on the surface of the water. Our sickness and the other phenomena ceased. It was now past three o'clock. At what distance from the continent the balloon fell into the sea, we could not ascertain; the night was too dark, the sea was too tempestuous, and we ourselves were not in a state to make observations. We were probably in the middle of the Adriatic sea, and about the latitude of Rimini. Notwithstanding the gentleness of our fall, the car was immersed, and we were up to the waist in water; often too, we were entirely covered by the waves. The balloon being half empty, it caught the wind like a sail, and in this manner we were dragged several hours through the tempestuous billows. At day-break we were about four miles from the coast of Pesaro, which we recognized. We flattered ourselves with the hope of soon reaching it, when suddenly a brisk land-breeze drove us back again into the open sea. It was now broad day-light; and we

saw round us nothing but the sea, the sky, and inevitable death. Chance fortunately directed that we should descry several ships; but as soon as the crews discovered at a distance the glistening balloon, they were seized with a panic, and steered from us again. 'We had therefore no other hope left than that of reaching the opposite coast of Dalmatia.

"This hope was naturally very feeble: and in all probability we should at last have been swallowed up by the waves, had not a ship appeared for our deliverance; the captain of which, being better informed than the others, was acquainted with the nature of our machine, and instantly dispatched his boat to our relief. The sailors lashed the car to it with a strong rope, and with great difficulty we were all three taken on board entirely exhausted. The machine, being so materially lightened, was inclined again to ascend; and in vain the sailors exerted all their strength to draw it after them. The boat was violently agitated; they were themselves in imminent danger, and hastened to

cut the rope: the balloon ascended with incredible velocity into the clouds, and vanished from our sight. It was eight in the morning when we arrived on board the vessel. Grassetti scarcely manifested any signs of life. My hands were frozen; cold, hunger, and anxiety, had totally exhausted me. The benevolent captain did every thing in his power to restore us. He carried us safely into the harbour of Verada, whence we were conveyed to Pola. There we were hospitably received, and an expert artist performed an operation on my hands."

Here Zambeccari concluded his interesting narrative, and I doubt not that it will be as acceptable to every reader as it was to me. I asked him which moment, during his two aerial voyages, had been the most terrible to him. He replied that, when, in his last excursion, he stood up to the breast in water; the waves frequently breaking over his head, so that he was obliged to stop his ears and to shut his mouth and eyes: when he observed that the car was sinking

deeper and deeper every minute, the water was rising in the same proportion, and inevitable death was at hand: when in this extremity a fishing-vessel approached, came up almost close to him, but suddenly changed her course and crowded all her sails. This last moment he described as the worst; so that disappointed hope is more terrible than death. Death had indeed long hovered before his eyes without producing such sensations as he experienced on the annihilation of his last hope. Who would not be deterred by two such tremendous accidents from further experiments? Zambeccari, glowing with an ardent love of science, has nevertheless had the courage to undertake a third voyage; nay, he knows no higher wish than to be enabled to perform such excursions. To self-interest his generous mind is an utter stranger. He is no Garnerin (of whom he speaks in such terms as he deserves): he merely wishes to be reimbursed his expences, which he would himself defray were his income adequate to the purpose. Of the

conduct of his countrymen he speaks with just indignation; they have done nothing, absolutely nothing, for him. He cherishes a hope that the king of Prussia, or the emperor of Russia, or the academy of sciences at Berlin, or that at Petersburg, will give him an invitation, and enable him to prosecute his investigations. At the first notice he is ready to appear; and to submit his theory, his machines, and his instruments for directing the balloon, to the strictest examination. I am convinced that the proportionably small expence would be compensated by the most successful result. He enquired eagerly after Robertson, of whose talents and method he had heard many commendations, and with whom he is desirous of forming a connection. It were to be wished that his plans may be fulfilled; and that the north may on this occasion demonstrate, that if the South produces a more luxuriant vegetation, itself on the contrary knows how to cherish genius and talents.

That Zambeccari is not an impostor, that

money is not his object, and that his theory is not a chimera, is proved by the report drawn up at the command of the general council, by the most celebrated professors of natural philosophy and mathematics at Bologna; and which has been printed, conformably to a decree of the same council of the 9th of November 1804. The reporters proceed with extreme caution and conduct themselves like men who are at the same time sensible of the importance of their commission, and know how to prize the confidence of their government. They begin with an historical account of all that has been done for the advancement of the science of aerostation since the time of Montgolfier. They then establish the following physical law, on which the direction of balloons is necessarily dependant:

"When a balloon that is not quite filled places itself in any part of the atmosphere in equipoise with the same (for example, near the surface of the earth), it follows that it must be in equilibrio in every part of the same atmosphere, till it is more filled or in-

flated." This they call an *equilibrio de reciprocazione,* "because it consists in this property; that the volume of a balloon increases in an inverse proportion to the density of the surrounding air, at any elevation in the atmosphere." This law they acknowledge to have been discovered and proved by Zambeccari. They next speak of his lamp; of the groundless fears which his friends expressed at the idea of bringing fire and inflamable air together; of the manner in which Zambeccari rises, descends, and remains stationary, at pleasure, by means of his lamp, without the least consumption of combustible gas, or throwing out any ballast. They then mention the oars; whose directing powers Zambeccari demonstrated in a church in the presence of many well informed persons, by waving himself to and fro by their means, in a balloon suspended there. They attest that Zambeccari in his last ascension hovered for a considerable time over Bologna, rose and descended at pleasure, and even described a semicircle round the town from south to west and

north; and merely by the aid of his lamp, without any other contrivance, or lightening the machine by throwing out ballast, as he was very closely observed through telescopes. They conclude with the declaration, that they consider Zambeccari's theory as demonstrated and confirmed; but that the unfortunate accidents which the bold aeronaut twice experienced, cannot in the slightest degree injure his reputation or invalidate his invention. This report is subscribed by Saladini, professor of the higher departments of mathematics; Canterzani, professor of natural philosophy; and Avanzini, professor of mathematics. Thus the question here is not concerning some frivolous spectacle for the vulgar, at which a Garnerin makes an exhibition of the white negligee of his lady; but of an invention highly important to the sciences, and which may prove of the utmost consequence in the history of the world.

MODENA,

A VERY ancient city, which, forty years before the birth of Christ, made an obstinate

defence when besieged by Brutus, the murderer of Cesar; and beneath whose walls, a year afterwards, was fought the bloody battle in which Anthony defeated the two consuls Hirtius and Pansa. It is now so empty and deserted, that you would almost imagine this siege and this battle to be occurrences of recent date, if the desolating tree of liberty in the market-place did not soon explain the mystery. It is painful to see this large and handsome city, in which nothing now appears to flourish but the metal laurel-tree which the wooden goddess of Liberty holds in her hand. A rich duke formerly resided here, in a magnificent palace filled with the works of art, and curiosities of every description; but now the duke is dead, his family is extinct, the works of art have vanished, and in the splendid palace resides a republican prefect. We chanced to meet with a good-natured fellow of a lacquey, who was extremely desirous to shew us something worth seeing. We indulged him in his wish. He accordingly took us first to a stable, the only re-

lic of ducal magnificence: which is still applied to the use for which it was originally intended, for there are still horses in it; but not a hundred and two, as in the time of the dukes. We laughed, and proceeded. The honest simpleton next pretended to conduct us to a botanic garden. I observed that in winter there could not be much to see there; but he maintained the contrary, as all the plants were kept in splendid hot-houses. It is necessary to remark, that a hot-house is a very great rarity throughout all Italy, and I therefore forgive the unnecessary trouble he gave us: for we found nothing more than a small building, such as every gentleman in Germany has at his country-seat; and in which a very small number of plants, and those not rare ones, are preserved. Our officious conductor then promised to gratify us with an academy of the arts. Had he said a drawing-school, we should not have been disappointed. Formerly, when Modena could vie with any city of Italy in the possession of the master-pieces of the arts, it might have been an

academy; but now, since the French have carried off seventy-seven classic pictures, and have plundered all the repositories of art, it is nothing more than a school, in which very pretty drawings from living models are produced. The place is capacious and handsome. There are magnificent empty cases, in which formerly a celebrated cabinet of coins was preserved. It likewise still contains a great number of trifling and frivolous objects, which the conquerors have *generously* permitted the vanquished to retain. This institution, however, is yet in possession of a very interesting rarity: namely, the skull of Correggio; which, like that of Raphael in the academy of St. Luke at Rome, is kept in a glass-case, with an abundance of pompous inscriptions. This venerated relic suggested a variety of reflections and questions which I am unable to resolve. For example: may we not hence deduce a tacit confession on the part of mankind, that materialism is an opinion implanted by nature in the mind; and that, notwithstanding all they have

learnt concerning the nature of the soul, they still consider the head as the organ of reason? Further:—Is it not surprising that, as the skull of a highly distinguished person is an object of uncommon interest to every individual without exception, so few skulls of that kind have been preserved; and that, as far as I know, only two academies of painting, and Dr. Gall of Vienna, have conceived the idea of rescuing this most precious relic of an extraordinary man from the dreary bosom of the earth? Why should this idea have occcurred only to painters: and no where but in Italy; where gross superstition, and many other prejujudices, must have thrown powerful obstacles in the way? Why are not libraries decorated with the skulls of great writers and poets? Why are not arsenals embellished with the skulls of heroes? Why are not thrones surrounded with the skulls of virtuous princes?—But let me recal the last question! The field of adulation is already sufficiently extensive. Hitherto, this pestilence has spared at leastthebonesof thedead.

In a saloon belonging to the drawing-school are many casts of the best antiques: and among these there is likewise a skeleton, which must have belonged to a giant; for in its present state it surpasses in size two colossal statues that stand on each side of it. When clotted with animated flesh, it is said to have been an Austrian officer, who was killed in an engagement with Macdonald: his name I was not able to learn. In the gallery of paintings, as it is called, only one capital picture now remains; a Christ on the cross, by Guido Reni. Of this performance it possessed a duplicate; the French, therefore, again exercised their wonted liberality, taking only this copy and leaving the other. Over the entrance of the saloon is a picture of prodigious size, representing Buonaparte in scarlet embroidered regimentals, changing Italy into a republic. It is totally destitute of merit and will therefore probably be soon removed, and thrown into the lumber-room of Italian *freedom*. In honour of Tasso, I went to a church to see the *secchia*

rapita, the stolen bucket, which was once the occasion of a bloody war between Modena and Bologna, and furnished Tasso with the subject of his immortal production. It is kept in a dark room in the steeple, to which you ascend not without some difficulty. All the interest consists only in the recollections which the spectator brings with him; for whoever has seen a common pail well secured with iron hoops, may form a correct idea of this celebrated bucket. I was obliged, for its sake, to witness in the church a disgusting spectacle. It happened to be St. Anthony's day; and the pious Modenese were thronging in crowds to an altar, where they knelt down. A priest imparted his benediction to one after another with an image which he presented to the lips of each, and which he wiped very negligently with a rag after every kiss. Another followed with a large silver plate, to collect contributions for the loathsome salute. The Catholics have many other customs of this kind, to empty the

pockets of the people, and to communicate all sorts of infectious diseases. There was formerly not a church at Modena which had not some capital picture to boast of: but now the traveller is spared the trouble of going to see them, by causes which have already been too often mentioned. The the atre of Modena is of an extraordinary figure: I never saw any that resembled it. The only broad side is occupied by the stage; the boxes, of which there are five tiers, form around it an irregular hexagon. However, it appeared to me as if the spectators in every part of them could see very distinctly. But the parti-coloured decorations of the boxes, which are all provided with curtains, and each of a different colour, produced a disagreeable effect. The opera buffa was not amiss; and the ballet, the same that I had already seen at Rome, was executed better than in that city. It is only a pity that the *prima ballerina* was nothing but arms and legs. When, according to the present fashion of dancing, she stretched forward one of her spindle-shanks,

the spectators in voluntarily drew back, that they might have room to clap.

THE WATERS OF MODENA.

It is not a little extraordinary that the country round Modena is undermined by subterraneous streams, which roll along in voluminous currents at the depth of sixty-eight feet. Whoever wants a well, has only to dig wherever he pleases. The first stratum, fourteen feet in depth, is composed at first of all kinds of small stones; after which you come to ancient paved streets and houses, of Roman architecture: a proof that the original Modena, formerly a Roman colony, was swallowed up by an earthquake; and buried perhaps by two hills which, as history informs us, were precipitated at the same time. The second stratum, likewise of fourteen feet, is principally composed of vegetable earth; containing branches and trunks of trees, which though mouldered are yet perfectly distinguishable. None of these trees exhi-

bit the smallest traces of having ever been touched by iron; and hence it is supposed that the country was covered by a forest, before men were acquainted with that metal, and that on this ground the ancient city was afterwards erected. The third stratum, of eleven feet, manifests a sudden and total alteration. It is composed of the finest white clay, intermixed with muscles and every other kind of marine productions. This, then, was once the bottom of a sea: here swarmed fishes, till the sea gave place to the forest, the fishes to wild beasts, and the latter were exterminated by men. How many centuries must have been requisite for these alterations! here the human mind is lost in the mysterious abyss of ever-creative and ever-destroying Nature! The following stratum, only two feet thick, is a morassy earth, mixed with mouldered reeds and other plants of marshy situations. You then meet again a stratum of eleven feet, composed, like the last but one, of white clay and marine productions; then again

a marshy soil of two feet, resting on a stratum of the abovementioned clay seven feet thick. Beneath the last stratum of marshy soil which succeeds, there is a layer of gravel, sand, and flints of various sizes; which, together with the loud subterraneous noise announces the vicinity of water. When the workmen employed to dig a well arrive so far, they are all drawn up but one, who remains to bore through the stratum of sand and gravel, which is five feet in depth. When this is accomplished, he is obliged instantly to give a signal, that he may be drawn up after his comrades. However expeditiously this may be done, he never reaches the top without being thoroughly soaked from head to feet; for the water, which instantly follows the borer, rises with such impetuosity, as to carry upwards with it stones of the weight of a quarter of a pound. At the same moment, all the other wells in the vicinity cease to receive their usual supplies till the new one has become more tranquil. Such is the brief account of the waters of Modena, whose inexhaustible

streams, rising from the depth of sixty-eight feet, not only abundantly supply the city and country with water, but afterwards form a navigable canal, which discharges itself into the Po. There have been writers who ascribed the origin and abundance of these waters to the sea; which, say they, filters through subterraneous channels. On the other hand, the abbé Teta of Naples endeavours to prove that these powerful currents receive their supplies from the lakes which are found among the Alps and Appenines. He has written a pamphlet on the subject, which those may consult who are more deeply interested in the investigation.

MANTUA.

The unpleasant situation of this fortified city, which acted such a distinguished part during the late war, is well known. By a thousand windings, which the distant outworks have rendered necessary, you traverse an extensive plain, on which you discover

not a single tree, and which is bounded on each side by swamps. Hence the disposition with which you enter the gate of the city is not the most cheerful. The place itself does not contribute to dissipate the cloud. It is in vain to expect that this effect will be produced by the monument recently erected with great pomp to Virgil, who was born at Mantua. Heavens, what an ironical compliment to that great poet! His bust is placed so high that it is impossible to distinguish the features. Four swans of iron, covered with plaster of Paris, support a column; the plaster has already fallen off in several places, and the swans look as if they had been plucked. On a large quadrangular pedestal are four inscriptions. One of these, *Dedicated to the immortal Virgil by Mantua,* evidently appears to have been introduced as a peg to hang the three others upon. These are as follow: *In the year 9 of* (miserable) *liberty, when Brune was general, and Buonaparte consul.* The third is: *To General Miollis, that Mecenas* (!!), *the grateful citi-*

zens. The fourth is inscribed to the honour of the administrators. Thus it appears that the good-natured Virgil has been obliged to divide his immortality as much as possible, in order to give each a small portion: his own is mentioned only by the by. The place in which this monument is erected is large, but surrounded with wretched houses; and the whole is not so much a monument of Virgil as of French vanity, which unfortunately is not always contented with iron swans covered with plaster of Paris. Mantua likewise contains a printing-office, which assumes the pompous epithet of the Virgilian, but prints scarcely any thing but play-bills.

The traveller should not omit seeing St. Andrew's church, which is a truly beautiful structure. The blood of Christ himself is there preserved in a phial; but it is exhibited only in times of public calamity, when it is of no service. The cathedral is likewise a fine building, but the style of the architecture is far inferior to that of St. Andrew's. I need not again to repeat what

has become of the best paintings. Mantua is the last city in which you observe pieces of oil-cloth hanging before the churches, and resembling the signs of the tradesmen at the Leipzig fair; on which you are civilly requested to pray for the souls of persons recently deceased. One of these was styled ex-marquis. The ancient palace of the Gonzagas is of great extent, and belongs to the new nation. The only masked comedy which I saw in all Italy was at Mantua. It afforded me considerable pleasure, for I was always a friend of honest Harlequin; but unfortunately he was a poor creature. I was likewise present at the representation of *la Serva Padrona*, a most charming farce; which I saw acted upwards of twenty years ago at Petersburg by madame Doria, then young, beautiful, glittering with diamonds, the all-powerful mistress of the all-powerful minister Besborodko; and (what a vicissitude of fortune!) the same Doria, now old, ugly, and poor, performed the same part here. This sight, which renewed so many recollections, had nearly drawn tears

from my eyes. What proficients the officers of the Ligurian republic are in reading! they have given me a pretty positive proof in writing; for they changed my name, which was written very legibly in the pass, into *Borniguno Alessandro*, which clearly demonstrates that they do not know a single letter.

When I first passed through this town, I found it garrisoned by negroes, who were cooped up here that they might gradually die away in peace. Their number has diminished so much, that it was thought proper to remove the spectacle of their extermination to Piedmont. The remnant of this oft-celebrated regiment scarcely amounted to a few hundred men.

VERONA.

A LARGE, odd kind of town, inhabited by forty-five thousand persons, and divided by the Adige into two unequal parts. The largest and best has been retained by the French, who have ceded the smallest

and worst to Austria. On a bridge which crosses the Adige, are stationed the sentinels and custom-house officers of both nations. The stranger is bandied about like a shuttlecock from one to the other, till he at length falls either on the ground of *liberty*, where no person dares to open his mouth excepting he has obtained permission from the French; or till he approaches the mountains of Tyrol, where alone real *men* are to be found. If the traveller visits Verona before he has been at Rome, the antiquities of the former are far more interesting to him than in the contrary case; for then he has beheld so many grand and magnificent monuments, that all the ruins he afterwards meets with make but a very slight impression.

The amphitheatre of Verona is deservedly celebrated, but it can by no means be compared to the Coliseum. Officers called conservators are appointed to take care of these ruins. In my opinion these conservators have done both too little and too much: too little, because they have permit-

ed all the arcades on the outside to be occupied by the shops of blacksmiths, locksmiths, and other trades, or by store-houses of wood and hay, which of course greatly disfigure the edifice; too much, for they have repaired the whole of the interior of the amphitheatre, consequently the antique can no longer be distinguished from the modern, and it appears as new and neat as if it had recently been erected. If the spectator surveys the balcony, or the seats appropriated to the magistrates, which are now profaned by an inscription announcing that Pius VI. here imparted his blessing, and perceives in the middle of the area the little theatre of boards where a kind of modern farces are represented, his enthusiasm, even though he may entertain the highest veneration for antiquity, is suddenly cooled; it is as if he were standing on some celebrated field of battle which is now the theatre of the sports of childhood.

Besides the modern-antique amphitheatre, there are many ruins of arches, walls, gates, &c. but which are all scarcely worth mentioning. The palaces and churches con-

tain as many curiosities as the French thought fit to leave them; that is, very few. The museum, founded by the celebrated Maffei, still possesses many valuable antiques and interesting inscriptions; but one of its principal ornaments, the will in the Greek language, hewn in stone, (which I have noticed in my Recollections of Paris,) is no longer here. The same may be said of a Diomed. A head of Antoninus Pius bears a striking resemblance to the present emperor of France. I inspected the museum with Maffei in my hand, and had fifty times occasion to remark that antiquaries often see what they choose to see. I noted down several instances; but to receive pleasure from the explanation of them, the reader ought to have before him the bas-reliefs themselves. The following is a remarkable inscription: *Eros Asini Atriensis.* Maffei is of opinion that it should have been *Asinii:* among the class of servants, the Atrienses were held in the highest contempt. Another inscription the zealous advocates of popery should endeavour to steal; for it was written in the

early times of the christian church, in honour of a certain Licinia who was an *honesta femina*, and nevertheless was for twenty-seven years the wife of a priest. A few hours may be passed here very agreeably; for the number of the most interesting inscriptions amounts to about six hundred, and a residence of several months would be required entirely to exhaust this source of pleasure.

The theatre of Verona is, in every respect, one of the best that I have met with in Italy. When I passed through the town the first time, the *opera buffa* indeed was not above mediocrity, and none of the singers seemed to surpass the others. The piece was called *due Nozze ed un sol Marito*, with some good music by Guglielmi: the choruses in particular produced a fine effect. The dialogue was, as usual, without sense or meaning; on which account I hope that it will soon be translated into German. The first tenor, Benedetti, was a very stiff performer with a weak voice, who thought fit (probably because he represented an officer) to keep

his hat on continually: even when seated at table between ladies who had invited him to dinner, he never parted from his beloved hat. The *prima donna*, Lodovisi, did not sing amiss, but might boast that she had arrived at years of discretion. The ballet called the Stone Entertainment was got up in a very good style by the ballet-master Luzzi; and his daughter, a most lovely girl of fourteen, will certainly shine ere long among the first dancers. The theatre is large and handsome; in the curtain I counted fourteen or fifteen rents. Illusion is not particularly studied: when the scene changes, the decorations are removed before it is finished, and during the representation the candle-snuffer walks about just where he pleases. French grenadiers kept guard, and the greatest part of the audience was likewise composed of this class. At my second visit to Verona, I found the opera and ballet still further improved. The piece represented was *la Capricciosa pentita*, with exquisite music by Fioravanti. The *prima donna*, Ceccarelli, was by no

means handsome; and the tenor, Campitelli, a very indifferent performer; but the two buffos, Guglielmini and Bartolucci, were of a superior order. The ballet-master this time was Angiolini. The ballet itself, Abdul, or the Generous Turk, contained, it is true, nothing but a trite story: but it was intelligible; and its execution displayed talent, industry, and taste. The first female dancer, Guglielminetti, I cannot praise. On the other hand, Gaetano and Anna Diani are a lovely young couple, who already give great satisfaction, and will not fail at some future period to excel. The decorations were, I may say, the best I had seen in all Italy: the name of the artist is Picuti.

BETWEEN VERONA AND VIENNA.

The yellow fever has rendered the tedious formality of Austrian police, if possible, still more tedious. There are stations on which you can scarcely proceed half an hour without being obliged to produce your passports and certificates of health. Many a valuable hour is in this manner lost by

the traveller. I applaud the adoption of the most rigorous precautions against that dreadful disease; but where the multiplication of them is productive of no benefit whatever, I cannot help considering them as superfluous. He who deceives one post with his passport, will probably find it an easy matter to impose upon all the rest. A general in Tyrol has presented a proposal to government, to strip every person coming from Legnon stark naked, to burn his clothes, and to supply him with new ones at the emperor's expence. I doubt whether this plan will be approved.

A deep snow, which is very rare in these parts, detained me at Trent or Trento several days. This place, formerly the theatre only of spiritual combats, is now about to be peopled with temporal warriors, and to be converted into a fortification. Trent is indeed surrounded on every side by lofty hills, all of which it will be necessary to fortify; and if that be done, I cannot comprehend why the town itself is to be fortified. The engineers, however, must under-

stand that matter better than I do. It will take ten years to complete the proposed works, which will cost immense sums. The inhabitants of course already lament the loss of their most productive vineyards. Commissioners are now employed in valuing the lands. It is well known that these valuations are not in general to the disadvantage of the valuer; but admitting that the full price of every piece of ground is paid, can the possessor receive any compensation for the pleasure he derived from his property, perhaps his only and last comfort in the world? It is, at any rate, a cruel task; especially as the inhabitants appear not to be convinced that it is necessary. I like to enter into conversation with people of all descriptions; and was talking on this subject with an artisan at Brixen, which place, under circumstances perfectly similar, is likewise to be converted into a fortress. He was a sensible man, and reasoned very justly. "For my part," said he, "it is all very well; I shall get a little money by it; but—but"—"Well, but

what?"—"But where is all the money to come from? This coin" (some of which I had just paid him) "is very bad, but it were to be wished that we had enough even of this. A single stone for building these fortifications must cost, before it arrives at the spot, at least 30 gulden; this I am able to demonstrate, and it is therefore my opinion that they will think better of it."—"But only consider, my friend, the great advantage of such a fortress in cases of necessity."—"Of that, however, I am not perfectly convinced. I had all my life heard so much of Mantua, that I thought the devil himself could not take it; but it was gone in the twinkling of an eye: and how did it fare with Luxemburg?" To these arguments *ad hominem* I had nothing to reply; and I almost think that the general with whom I had conversed on the same subject the preceding day, would have been as much at a loss for an answer. My good opinion of the Tyrolese was greatly confirmed by this intelligent mechanic.

I have more than once mentioned the little painted monuments erected in Tyrol, by the side of the road, to the memory of persons killed by accident. Near Brixen I met with one, the inscription on which was expressed in such a droll manner that I could not refrain from copying it. Here it is:

"Brothers and comrades, stop here a little, and survey this spot where I was obliged to resign my life. Scarcely had I entered the world, and attained my twenty-sixth year, when the wheel of a waggon cut me in two. I now intreat you, my beloved friends, remember me; and as you pass by, give me a *pater noster*. Here Dominicus Peer, a native of Botz, was killed in the twenty-sixth year of his age. Pray for me, and I will pray for you. 1800."—We learn among other things from this inscription, that a young Tyrolese of twenty-six imagined he had just come into the world!

A plan has lately been projected, and, it is reported, has likewise been submitted to the sovereign, the execution of which would

assuredly prove more advantageous to Tyrol than the building of two fortresses. Its object is to form a straight channel for the current of the Adige: which, between Botzen and Trent, and even higher still, forms a thousand windings; and by this means all the morasses now situated between these bendings of the river, would be converted into arable lands. Tyrol at present cultivates so small a quantity of corn, that it can scarcely support itself four months in the year: for the other eight months it is obliged to import supplies from Bavaria and Italy. Now the morasses of the Adige are so extensive, that it is calculated they will produce corn sufficient for the total consumption of Tyrol. The benefit, therefore, is of such magnitude, as alone to be sufficient to immortalize the name of Francis II. Here indeed, as every where else, you meet with people who make objections, and view the matter in a very different light. The morasses, say they, now produce a kind of rushes, which is used instead of straw for the cattle: how is

this loss to be supplied? I should think that corn would likewise furnish straw. The following objection appears rather more difficult to be answered: This marshy soil will never produce corn; and Tyrol has scarcely hands sufficient for the cultivation of its vines, and cannot spare any for agriculture. I content myself with mentioning the subject historically; I am not able to decide the question. But I cannot leave this charming country and its honest inhabitants, without once more calling to mind the various beauties, of which even winter is not capable of stripping it. Oh, how delightful it is, when returning from monotonous Italy, again to tread these mountainous regions; and to press the hands of their friendly, sincere, and sensible inhabitants! To Italy I shall never go again, but I hope that this is not the last visit I shall pay to Tyrol.

The by-road from Brixen to Carinthia is still more interesting to the observer of mankind, than the high road through Inspruk; which is more frequented, and

where the inhabitants are more polished, or sometimes rather more depraved. In the former, on the contrary, you every where meet with pure unsophisticated nature. They survey a stranger almost with the curiosity of children, follow him every where, are ever officious to do something or other for him, and are frequently troublesome in consequence of this disposition; but he cannot possibly be angry with them, as he must be convinced of their ardent desire to fulfil all his wishes. Such a race of men inhabit the former principality of Brixen: whose territory, watered by the Eisach, which rushes through a narrow valley, is interspersed with cheerful towns and villages; where cleanliness prevails within and without the houses, and where health and cheerfulness smile from the faces of the inhabitants upon the stranger. They principally subsist by breeding cattle: the climate is too sharp for the cultivation of the vine; for the valley lies high, and the inclement winds have a free passage through it. "Nine months in the year are winter,"

say the inhabitants of Niederdorf for example, "and three are cold." The soil, however, is well adapted to pasturage. This may perhaps be the reason why this tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Branneken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to general Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The general promised to comply with their invitation. More than four thousand country-people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not: he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not

understand. They were acquainted with their mountains: they knew that, especially in spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the general should choose rather to throw his cannon into the water, than to bring it to their defence; and they still maintain that if this had been done, if they had been organized and had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Scoundrel, there is the enemy!"

Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force

was dispersed, but even in this situation they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as they pleased; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as well as the men, and the children rolled large stones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Brannecken, the peasants ascended the mountains, kindled some hundreds of fires in the vicinity, and so alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully observed. These brave herdsmen were therefore indebted to their

courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peasant* was a terror to the French, and frequently restrained them from committing excesses. The heart of a German patriot bleeds, when he sees what a two-edged sword the government then had in its hand without daring to draw it from the scabbard.

The Tyrolese of this part of the country betray their childish disposition by the pleasure they take in figures of various colours, that they are so fond of painting on their houses, or placing by the side of the road; and which, even when they represent pious subjects, display a certain native humour. I saw, for example, a picture of two men kneeling before a crucifix, behind whom, at a window, were standing two pretty girls. From the mouths of the men flew hearts fastened to long black cords: the heart of one proceeded straight to the crucifix; while that of the other suddenly turned off from the direct way, and flew up to the handsome maidens. They are great admirers of the images of saints: and as the

ancient Romans gladly received strange deities, so they never refuse admission to any foreign saint; for I even found here St. Peter of Alcantara, who (heaven knows how) has strayed as far as Tyrol. It is only to be hoped that priestcraft may not debase this generous people. Attempts have not been wanting. Near Windel, I observed a large cross, beneath which was an inscription purporting, that by an ordinance of the pope, whoever said three paternosters and three Ave-marias before this cross, would obtain absolution for seven years and seven quadragins (forty days), and would be able to transfer the same to the poor souls in purgatory. Curst impiety! Cannot these harpies at least spare a people much too poor to satiate their thirst of gold? I trust, however, to the natural good-sense of the Tyrolese. If the priests should ever proceed too far with their delusions, I am convinced they will be driven out of the country. Besides the above-mentioned pictures, many of the houses are decorated with verses, which frequently excite a smile.

In these valleys a great quantity of snow generally falls every year. When I travelled through it, I was obliged to have my carriage placed upon a sledge; and to stop whole days at several places, till the road, blocked up by snow to the height of a man, should be cleared. Here and there avalanches had likewise rolled down upon it from the mountains. One of these masses had overwhelmed a house, and killed one of its inhabitants. The regulations for restoring an uninterrupted communication are excellent; thousands of peasants immediately sally forth with their spades; and where one day the packet of the mail was carried by six men at the imminent hazard of their lives, through the snow for a tract of several miles, there I travelled on the following day with my heavy carriage, and met innumerable sledges loaded with goods. It affords real pleasure to observe with what readiness and activity the Tyrolese undertake this laborious business. Among several thousands whom I saw at work in a space of from forty to forty-five

miles, I did not observe a single discontented face, and not one of them ever asked me for any thing. In Italy I should have found as many beggars as labourers. The Tyrolese were all friendly and civil; wished me a good morning, or gave me the usual salute of *praised be Jesus Christ*, with unassuming cordiality; were always ready to assist whenever I met with another carriage, or the narrowness of the road rendered assistance necessary; required no remuneration for their trouble, as they with justice might have done, but took off their green round hats, wished us a prosperous journey, and cheerfully continued their work.

Had Raynal traversed this country, he would undoubtedly have been inflamed with the same enthusiasm which was once kindled in his soul in India, when he discovered (if I am not mistaken) on the coast of Coromandel a region of innocence. Lienz is the last frontier town of Tyrol. At this place the inhabitants likewise gave proofs of their courage, and here too they complain

bitterly of having been deserted by general Sporke with eleven thousand men. He had resolved to retreat with his artillery beyond the mountains. They represented to him that such a measure was impossible, as there was not even a path for a saddle-horse. All their representations, however, were in vain: he treated them rather rudely into the bargain; and attempted to put his plan in execution, but was soon obliged to desist and to leave his cannon behind him. "Had he kept on good terms with us," say the Tyrolese, "we would have drawn the artillery ourselves to some place of security, and have concealed it where it would not be found by the enemy. It would then have been saved for our sovereign."

But the general was not only obliged to abandon the cannon, but likewise a great quantity of ammunition. He attempted indeed to destroy the greatest part of it, but the time was too short. What could not be destroyed was collected by the inhabitants, and with this they repulsed the French. Such was literally the fact: the anecdote is

truly extraordinary. Deserted by those who ought to have protected them, unprovided with arms except such as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they seized these, placed an innkeeper who had once been a serjeant at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from street to street, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, strewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies. An army of sixteen thousand men soon afterwards advanced, and the general who commanded it breathed vengeance against the town. But when he perceived that the peasants and inhabitants had taken post unintimidated on the adjacent mountains, where they remained under arms, he altered his tone, and declared in a manifesto that he had relinquished all idea of satisfying his vengeance though just, that he wished not to punish the innocent with the guilty, and merely demanded a free passage and bread for his troops. This capitulation was accepted;

but no sooner had the rapacious Frenchman entered the town, than he gave notice that unless the sum of one hundred thousand florins was raised in two hours, the place should be set on fire at the four corners. The unfortunate citizens made every possible exertion; they went from house to house, accompanied by a French guard, to collect money, but could not collect more than twenty-five thousand florins. Five of the principal inhabitants were therefore taken as hostages. These were shamefully treated during their march; were scarcely allowed bread; and when the preliminaries of Leoben were actually signed, they were not informed that by this treaty all arrears of contributions were remitted: they were several times led out as if for the purpose of being shot; and by such methods as these a like sum, which they were obliged to borrow of their friends and acquaintance, was extorted from them before they were dismissed. It would certainly be worth the while of a good historian to reside for a few months in Tyrol: he would

there have an opportunity of collecting the most extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which must appear incomprehensible to posterity. They will not be a little astonished to learn, that the military manifested a kind of hatred (I cannot possibly call it envy) against the brave peasantry: and that they went so far as to call the gallant general Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peasants*, because he was the only officer who knew how to avail himself of the courage and energy of the Tyrolese; and who, let it be well remarked, himself fought at their head.

At Lienz I found a company of itinerant players, who happened to perform one of my pieces. This was not the only honour they did me, for the day before they had ascribed to me a play of which I am not the author. It was entitled "Poverty and Love; or, if the Prince knows it, he will certainly afford Relief." I often find, unfortunately, that the sins of others are charged to my account; though, according to the

critics, my own are quite enough for me to bear.

An additional trait in the picture of the brave Tyrolese, a trifling circumstance that occurred to me on the frontiers of their country, shall conclude my observations relative to it. The foremost sledge, on which my carriage was placed, broke down near Lienz. The snow was deep, and it was impossible to proceed without another. About a mile behind us were a few houses, to which I sent back the postilion to see if he could find what we stood in need of. He returned with a sledge nearly new, with which a female peasant had furnished him. As I have invariably found in all the countries through which I have yet travelled (except the remotest parts of Russia and Siberia), that people are but too ready to take advantage of the distresses of their fellow-creatures, I expected that a sum equal to ten times the value of the sledge would be demanded. But how deeply I was ashamed of myself, when on asking the postilion he replied: "If the gentleman only wants the sledge as

far as the next station, the woman requires nothing for it; but if he wishes to keep it, he may have it valued by the wheelwright at the next village!"

Carinthia, though apparently a fine country, cannot be compared to Tyrol. The Carinthian is obliged to perform personal service; whereas the Tyrolese is paid, as he ought to be, for his labour. I therefore found the roads of Tyrol in good repair, and a broad track formed through snow the height of a man. On the contrary, in Carinthia, where the snow was not by far so deep, the roads were in bad condition, and greatly neglected. In the villages I observed large heaps of fir-branches, which are used by the peasants as bedding for cattle; an evident proof of their poverty. In a moral point of view I was struck with the circumstance that almost all the windows in Carinthia are secured with iron bars. This precaution appeared quite unnecessary in Tyrol. In many of the inns I found a printed paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, directed against the French,

stuck upon the door. It displayed considerable wit, and was worthy of notice as a proof of the popular sentiments.

The last station before you arrive at Clagenfurt is very agreeable. The road leads between woody hills, along the banks of a lake bordered with trees. Clagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, is a handsome well-built town. The market-place is embellished in a very singular manner; for near a very stiff Maria Theresa of lead, stands a Hercules against whom a prodigious serpent is wreaking its vengeance. My lacquey assured me that this dragon was an emblem of Carinthia; and this Hercules (to whom he actually gave the same name) had been a prisoner at Mariazell, and was pardoned on condition of his fighting this serpent. At this place is a very pretty theatre; the manager of which appears to be not only a very intelligent man, but likewise an actor of distinguished talents.

A young pregnant female with a lively imagination, ought not to travel through

Carinthia, for she every where meets with disgusting figures with three or four wens. A single wen is almost a rarity; the whole neck is generally surrounded with those tumours. I must likewise caution travellers against the inn at Plagenfurt, which stands opposite the post-house. I considered the Italian inn-keepers as virtuosoes in imposition, but here they are outdone by a native of Germany. It is upon the whole too evident throughout all Carinthia that you have quitted honest Tyrol: the inhabitants are more unwilling to render assistance, more rude; you are used worse and detained longer at the post-houses: most of the inns are dirty and dear, and the wine bad. Instead of all the good things which Tyrol affords in such abundance, you meet with nothing but Styrian capons, which are frequently very tough and lean. The small town of Frisach, as appears from an inscription, has been destroyed fourteen times by fire and war; that is, about once in every generation. The inhabitants must cherish an ardent love of country, otherwise they

would before this time have abandoned a spot so cruelly persecuted by fortune. Between Frisach and Neumark is a valley which is as narrow as the heart of a miser. A murmuring stream here glides between rocks of green stone, and leaves but just sufficient room for the traveller to steal through the coal-valley.

At Krautbath in Styria I saw some country lads fantastically dressed; they were acting a kind of comedy. One, for example, wrapped in furs, represented winter; another had his hat decorated with ears of corn, as an emblem of summer: these two struggle hard with each other for the mastery. Unluckily the horses were harnessed, and the approach of evening obliged me to hasten away; so that I was obliged to deny myself the pleasure of witnessing this popular amusement. It were, however, to be wished that some learned inhabitant of Styria would furnish the world with some particulars concerning it, and especially concerning its origin and antiquity. At Leoben the well known preliminaries were conclud-

ed. It is a pretty town, to which I wish a longer duration than its preliminaries. Our landlady assured us that she had often seen Buonaparte. "At that time," said she, "he was thin, meagre, pale and short; now, that he is an emperor, he must look very different."

Near Schottwin the traveller ascends a hill apparently lofty; and he is not a little astonished to find the contrary side which he is obliged to descend is at least three times as high. He then first perceives that the country he has just passed through is very elevated, and this the sudden change of the climate likewise demonstrates. I left Murzzuschlag amidst a violent shower of snow, which was several feet in depth on the mountains, so that all the fences were entirely covered: but when I had reached Schottwin not a trace of snow was to be seen either in the fields or the roads, and genial sunshine refreshed the springing rye-grass.

If the traveller, two posts from Vienna, can overcome his impatience to arrive at that metropolis, let him alight to see the

Schönau, which is situated close to the road. Every part of this mansion attests the good taste of its possessor, baron Braun. It is particularly celebrated for an object *unique* in its kind, a temple of Night: to which you are conducted through a subterraneous passage by torch-light, till suddenly a door springs open, and you enter the sanctuary of Night; when nothing but alabaster vases reflect a dim light, and soft distant harmonies, repeated by echo, complete the enchantment. The tomb of the amiable poet Alxinger is likewise at Schönau. I seize this opportunity to correct an error which has crept into various narratives of travels and other works. The inscription on Alxinger's tomb was not written by me; but, if I mistake not, by my valuable friend Ratschky: who was intimately acquainted with the poet, and who alone could in consequence have composed an inscription demonstrative of such a confidential intercourse. I was not personally acquainted with Alxinger; for it was not till after his death that I went to Vienna. There is no-

thing of mine at Schönau, except the inscriptions in the subterraneous passages leading to the temple of Night.

VIENNA.

It is natural to suppose that I could never entertain the idea of writing a description of Vienna, but only a few detached observations; of which I would rather have it said that they are too short, than that they should experience the fate of Nicolai's Travels, which nobody reads because they are too long.

I have again seen that distinguished genius Függer, who has just finished two exquisite sketches for large pictures: Alcestis devoting herself to the deities of death to save her husband, and Alcestis conducted by Hercules into the arms of Admetus. The latter in particular will be a very affecting picture, and is rendered extremely striking by the variety of passions which are here combined into a most beautiful whole. Hercules is the centre figure, in sublime re-

pose; his looks and his attitude say:— What I have done is nothing extraordinary. By his side Alcestis, with love and desire, removes the shroud that still enwraps her. Opposite to her is Admetus, who rushes from his palace, snatches a torch from a slave, but is still unable to believe his eyes: with hope and doubt he extends his hand to touch his wife. Next appear the children, who still seem afraid of the shade of their mother: and lastly, on the steps of the palace, a rich group of its inhabitants; who, on the report of the arrival of Hercules, hasten forth, in expectation of something great, with countenances expressive of curiosity, astonishment, terror, and transport. It was scarcely possible to choose a more fertile subject for the pencil. With what talent and sensibility Függer has treated it, I need not say. The first picture will likewise do honour to the master; only it appeared to me, that the child which the nurse lays at the feet of Alcestis to divert her from her resolution, renders the idea of the great artist rather ambiguous: for the nurse is

not looking at Alcestis with an air of entreaty, but bends her head down to the child, by which the spectator is led to imagine that the whole of the action relates to the latter. I ventured to express this doubt to the artist, and he condescended to pay attention to it: but he demonstrated to me, by an alteration of the position, either the second figure, Admetus, concealed, or the nurse herself, would become the principal figure; and to this I had nothing to reply. I likewise saw at Függer's an almost finished picture of Coriolanus receiving his ingdignant mother, &c.: and the sketch of a comparison to this admirable picture, Camillus triumphing on the capitol, cordially welcoming his friends, magnanimously forgiving his enemies. This contrast of Coriolanus with Camillus proves the profound reflection of the artist. I am indebted to him for one of the most delightful hours I passed at Vienna; but cannot forbear supposing that few strangers are eager after the same pleasure: for to my extreme surprize, I was a long time before I could find his house; and many inhabitants

of Vienna of whom I inquired, were unable to direct me to it.

I again visited the amiable prince de Ligne, on whom the muses still continue to smile, around whom the Graces still continue to sport, and who says as many good and witty things in one hour as would supply our *pocket-books* for several years. I likewise went to see my celebrated friend Dr. Gall, who has made discoveries relative to the brain which the brain of no man ever suspected before; for which reason brainless skulls have succeeded in obtaining a prohibition of his lectures. The brain is here a real stumbling-block, and stone of offence.

I have been again to see the honest Ratschky, one of our first-rate poets, on whom rests the spirit of Museus, who also possesses the excellent heart of Museus; nay, even whose figure often reminds of that never to be forgotten writer. I am almost tempted to carry the parallel still farther. How many more master-pieces of Museus's genius should we possess, had not the chilling breath of pedantry nipped so many blossoms in the bud! My valuable

friend Adamberger I had not the happiness to meet again. The tenderness of her mind, her profound sensibility, destroyed before the time an organization inadequate to such incessant mental exertions. Thalia has buried her younger sister, and will long lament her loss. Alas! at her grave the poet forgets the artist, to resign himself to grief for the friend. She was my friend, and such she remained in every circumstance. Neither offended vanity, nor the instigations of enemies, could ever interrupt that friendship; for her too tender body was animated by a generous and energetic soul. Her I could not see again. It was my intention to drop a flower on her grave; but the flower is converted into a tear!.

I have seen the bookseller Degen, and the splendid works for which Vienna seems scarcely to thank him. His magnificent editions of Uz, Zimmermann, &c. vie with those of the opulent Britons; even the costly bindings are in no respect inferior to the English. This is the more worthy of astonishment and of praise, as the English

possess great advantages in two points of view: for in the first place, they may calculate much more securely on the patronage of their nobles, who are fond of the arts; and in the second, they may select at pleasure from among the master-pieces of their native geniuses. Degen, on the contrary, can only print what is permitted by the censors; that is, nothing at all. He intended to prosecute his plan by publishing a splendid edition of Göthe's works; but as he found he should be obliged to mutilate it excessively, he abandoned the design.

No pen can describe the abominable restraints of which the censorship is made the instrument. It must not be imagined that all the censors are men of narrow minds: on the contrary, some of them are enlightened and accomplished persons, but their hands are tied. Malicious bigotry is incessantly on the watch; and searches with unremitting perseverance among the flowers till it discovers, perhaps deep in the earth, a soiled plant, which it immediately denounces as a pernicious weed.

I forbear to mention circumstances which would make the reader shudder; and which prove partly the stupidity, partly the wretched mistrust, and partly nothing but a debauched imagination on the part of these spies. These wretches, the refuse of mankind, know, however, where to lodge their complaints; and woe to the censor against whom the charge appears to be founded! a severe reprimand is the least that he has to expect. An author residing here is not even allowed to print his works in a foreign country, if he has not first submitted them to the censorship of this city. This is indeed the surest way of expelling every writer of real merit; for who could submit to such a senseless censorship? Johannes Müller is already gone, and Wiebeking is preparing to depart. Genz stays. Alas, poor Austria! All books that have been permitted during the last twenty years have recently been revised by the censorship, and above two thousand of these are now prohibited. Unfortunately they have not done me the honour to pro-

hibit much of my works. The emperor alone can now grant permission to read forbidden books. It is natural to suppose that nobody troubles him with such requests. In a word, every thing has been done that could be devised, to strengthen and secure the empire of darkness.

The new archbishop is a pattern of piety. By the prohibition of skating on Sundays he has rendered an important service to religion. In a convent of nuns, not otherwise very rigid in their regulations, he has directed, that in future no nun shall converse with a man, not even her brother or her father, but in the presence of four other nuns. A laudable precaution truly, though it must be confessed to throw a kind of disgrace on human nature; but perhaps the inhabitants of convents do not partake of that nature, because they are already more nearly allied to heaven.

Those in power appear to consider history in the same manner as the carters, &c. do the warning-boards erected on the mountains of Tyrol; they deduce no other in-

struction from it, than the necessity of blocking the wheels: but they forget that there the cause (namely, the steep mountains) cannot be avoided; here, on the contrary, it depends only on themselves to render this blocking superfluous. It is not a censorship, nor hunting after jacobins, nor ignorance and gross superstition, that can ward off revolutions. In Prussia, for example, you may read, write, print, say whatever you please, and yet no state in Europe is more secure against a revolution; the whole art of preventing it consists simply in rendering the people happy. A happy people will never rebel even if millions of authors endeavour to excite them. I challenge any person to shew me a single example in history of a happy people rebelling. When, therefore, as is at present the case with a neighbouring foreign nation, the monarch surrounds his throne with all those monsters that are generated by mistrust, he loudly proclaims to the world, and to posterity, what his own dark

feelings tell him: "My people are not happy!"

The imperial cabinet of natural curiosities has been considerably increased; and among other things by a camelopard, which seems to me to be higher than that of Paris. I have often heard the arrangement of this cabinet condemned as a kind of childish play, because it deviates from the ordinary dry form; and a suitable decoration has been adapted to every species of animals: thus, for example, the poultry are running about in a pretty little farm-yard; the water-fowls are seen by the rushy sides of streams; the varieties of larks on ploughed fields; wild quadrupeds in court-yards, or among ruins, &c. I have heard this made the subject of ridicule; for the literati are extremely fond of what is dry, and consider nothing as learned but what likewise possesses that qualification. To me, however, this arrangement appears perfectly consistent; for the cabinet is not intended for men of learning, but for the pleasure of

a monarch enamoured of nature, and for the gratification of his people. Of this last circumstance we should by no means lose sight. Twice a week the cabinet is open to every one, and on those days it is always crowded with persons of every class. They see behind the glass-cases not only the animals themselves, but the places where they usually reside, and in part their habits: the manner, for example, in which birds build their nests; there sticking them to a walk, here suspending them to trees. They find the name and native country of each animal inscribed in large letters, and it is thus rendered an instructive amusement: whereas, if the collection were arranged in the ordinary manner, the people could merely gaze at it; for though the present director of the cabinet, Stütz, is a very civil and obliging man, it would be impossible for him to repeat the explanations to every fresh company that throngs to see it. It should not, however, be imagined, that the animals are intermixed at pleasure or at random. No: they are all arranged conformably to

the Linnean system, and are only exhibited on a more pleasing back-ground than an ordinary case affords: but any thing *pleasing* is what the learned critics cannot endure.

I have again seen with pleasure the menagerie at Schönbrunn. Many of my old four-footed acquaintance have indeed, since my last visit, been gathered to their fathers (among the rest a fine white bear); but the simple ostrich is still alive: the buffalo, whom age has rendered surly and blind of one eye, still flashes lightning from the other; the two elephants still caress each other with their trunks, and the male two years since made as great a fool of himself for love as a man does. Among the recent arrivals is an amiable family of kangaroos, which are inexpressibly comical and interesting. A Cato could not forbear laughing were he to see these animals crawling or leaping. A female of the family was pregnant, and very near her time. The kangaroo, it is well known, carries her young in an open pouch at the lower part

of her belly; now when the mother raises herself on her long hinder legs, and gazes at strangers, the young one likewise pops his greyhound's head out of the bag, to see what is going forward. The sight is perfectly *unique*.

I took a walk to see once more the magnificent hot-houses in which Joseph II. entertained a company with coffee and sugar of his own cultivation. These are still under the management of the first gardener in Europe, the excellent Pose, and produce the plants and trees of every region of the globe. Here you walk between the sago, the palm, the sugar-cane; there you meet with the tea-shrub, yonder with the papyrus: in a word, no remarkable plant is wanting; and the order, the cleanliness, and the pleasing arrangement of the whole, leave nothing to be desired.

I was likewise so fortunate as to see again the imperial pair, who present to their subjects an example of domestic felicity. With veneration I approached the hero of Germany, the archduke Charles, and with

love and respect I took my leave of him. He is not merely the favourite of Bellona, but likewise the friend of Minerva; and were any one to converse with him without knowing who he was, or being acquainted with his achievements, he would sooner imagine himself in the company of a philosopher than of a warrior. This illusion is favoured by his unaffected, affable behaviour, which I am unwilling to denominate condescension; a word which, if it apply to one party, generally supposes a self-degradation on the other. I shall never forget an hour which I was permitted to spend in the company of a truly royal youth, the archduke John. In him Austria possesses a source of the fairest, greatest hopes: Germany yet knows but little of this excellent young man; who will most assuredly be, at one time or other, the object of her admiration, perhaps of her gratitude. Already, in his present confined sphere, he is a brilliant luminary.* As chief of the general staff, he travelled through the Venitian provinces, Tyrol, and the adjacent

countries, regions seldom traversed by a prince. He struck off from the high road sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback; and did not fail to visit every spot where he hoped to find some beauty of nature, or some object remarkable in a scientific point of view. An able artist accompanied him: he has collected a number of the most picturesque views of Tyrol, with which the public may hope to be presented in a *Picturesque Tour*. Not merely the charms of nature in Tyrol, but the history of the country and the observation of mankind, were his object; and an object which he has attained. He likewise speaks with warmth of the brave Tyrolese, to whom he is cordially attached.

In the vicinity of Verona he collected historical particulars relative to the mysterious villages called *cette commune*, which derive their origin from the Cimbri, and where very ancient German is spoken. The archduke is of opinion that the inhabitants of these villages were transplanted to that country in the time of the emperor Frede-

ric Barbarossa. He has collected a vocabulary of their language, which must of course be peculiarly interesting to the philologist and the antiquary: this, together with the result of his historical researches, he has transmited to Johannes Muller, whom he honours with the title of his friend. We may therefore indulge a hope to see the observations of such an extraordinary traveller illustrated by a writer equally extraordinary. Besides a beautiful cabinet of the minerals of Tyrol, the arch-duke collected during his travels many interesting antiquities. Among the rest, he purchased of a peasant the tomb-stone of Romeo and Juliet: at least, the ancient inscription may be applied, without violence, to that celebrated pair; and with the more justice, as the stone was found in the vault where the current popular tradition places the grave of the unfortunate lovers. The castle which belonged to Romeo's family still exists: the arch-duke went himself to see it. You perceive that it is not merely a desire of knowledge, but that his heart is likewise in-

terested in every thing that renders the ruins of past ages remarkable. Though his revenues are at present extremely limited for his rank, yet he spares no expence to promote the sciences; and well-informed persons have assured me that two-thirds of his income are annually devoted to this noble purpose. With these excellent qualities, he is, like all men of real merit, so unassuming and unaffected, so clear and so intelligent, that all those who know him have only to pray that heaven would preserve him from the poison of flattery. A mind so accomplished as his has, however, but little to fear from that quarter. Germany, which at present knows the archduke John merely from the newspapers, and by name, will perhaps be astonished to hear me speak of him with such enthusiasm; but Germany is not accustomed to meet with flattery in my works, and I may demand the more credit in this instance as no kind of interest can sway my pen. It is besides by mere accident that I am the first

to sound his just praises; in a few years my voice will be re-echoed by thousands.

The statue of the emperor Joseph II. which has been talked of so many years, is now actually finished, and a shed erected in front of the library leads me to suppose that they are already at work on the pedestal. Unfortunately neither this place nor any other in Vienna is handsome enough to deserve such an ornament. In the great market-place is the marriage of St. Joseph with the immaculate Virgin, and the *bonhommie* with which he holds his lily is exemplary. In several other public places there are tasteless monuments of a similar description, which are a dreadful eye-sore to strangers; and as it would be a mortal sin at Vienna to remove such as *Saint* Joseph, the *great* Joseph is obliged to be contented with the little square before the library.

But why are they determined that Vienna shall not be one of the finest cities in Europe? For that purpose a single word would be necessary; a word which would not

cost the emperor a farthing, but would be productive of millions: I mean the demolition of the fortifications. The advantages are obvious. Vienna with its suburbs would form a new and noble city; the sale of the ground for building on would enrich the imperial treasury; the general complaint of the exorbitant price of lodgings would cease, for in twenty years (or perhaps less) the whole glacis would be covered with houses; the air of the city would be rendered more pure and more healthy; the horrible dust from the glacis would no longer destroy the lungs of the inhabitants: in a word, Vienna would be an infinite gainer in point of beauty, cheerfulness, and salubrity. The rent of houses would be reduced to the inhabitants; and nevertheless it would be an admirable financial speculation for the court, which would be hailed with universal applause.

The advantages, I repeat it, are obvious; but what are the disadvantages? it will be asked. I must acknowledge myself too short-sighted to discover any. Can any one

pretend that Vienna is capable of making a defence against an enemy? The suburbs are of far greater value than the city; and were it even resolved to make such a prodigious sacrifice as to burn or demolish the suburbs, what would such a step avail? The rubbish could not be removed, those innumerable masses of stone which would afford the enemy the securest shelter he could wish for. The capital of Austria must, like every other European metropolis, be defended by its armies. Paris, London, Petersburg, Berlin, &c. are not fortified, and yet they are not the less secure. From the Turks Vienna has now nothing to fear: and when the French approached, the government made the tacit confession that the fortifications of Vienna were incapable of defence; for, notwithstanding the tremendous corps of volunteers that came forward, a peace was instantly concluded. A couple of citadels in the neighbouring hills would be a sufficient protection against a *coup de main*. What then are the obstacles that oppose the execution of such an easy,

and in every respect advantageous, plan? Perhaps some of the palaces of the nobility would lose their prospects. I wish that some military Austrian writer would make both the natives and foreigners acquainted with the important reasons which must exist, though they are buried in profound obscurity.

I have likewise been again to see the theatres, which are pretty much what they were. Zeiglier's dramas, which were once in fashion, have been supplanted by those of Weissenthurn, with which the public are abundantly supplied. Collin, who wants no other requisite to be a dramatic poet than an acquaintance with the drama, occasionally entertains his fellow-citizens with poetic bombast; which, though they do not understand it, they immediately applaud. Foreign productions are either prohibited altogether, or mutilated by the censors in such a manner as to have quite the air of native performances.

The ballets of Vienna are superior to those of most towns in Italy, Rome not ex-

cepted. Many jokes are, indeed, passed upon them at Vienna, but without reason; and baron Braun would not be denied the thanks he deserves, were critics only to take the trouble to compare the ballets of Rome, Bologna, Verona, &c. with those of Vienna. Madame del Caro, it is true, is no Cassentini; but it is not every day that the Graces give themselves the trouble to produce a Cassentini.

At the German Theatre the Souffleur still continues to draw crowded audiences. Madame Roose still maintains the same intimate connection with truth and sentiment; mademoiselle Eigensatz enchants by her beauty, and often too by her acting; and madame Weissenthurm retains the singular privilege of charming, nobody can tell why.

In other respects I found among the natives of Vienna, first, the same sincerity, affection, and hospitality, the same sensibility for all that is good, and the same levity of disposition, as when I left them six years ago. They complain bitterly of the high

price of every thing, but never miss a masquerade: they are lavish of abuse of the theatres, but go to them every day: they are of opinion that every thing might be better, but still they are satisfied with every thing. Specie of every kind has entirely disappeared; but still Vienna may boast one good thing, namely, the emperor of the Romans.

JOURNEY THROUGH PRAGUE AND DRESDEN TO BERLIN.

I SHALL say nothing of the bridge of the Danube, which is every year carried away by the ice, and nevertheless is not built in a more solid manner, because, as it is asserted, the repairs would cost fifty thousand florins per annum. I shall say nothing of Prague, or of St. John of Nepomuck, whose bones still repose in a silver coffin, because the French did not penetrate to Prague: where, among innumerable relics, a Prussian cannon-ball discharged during the seven years' war is still preserved; and

where there is an opera buffa, which nobody goes to see; but which must be maintained from a point of honour, should even the German theatre be utterly ruined.

On leaving Prague, the traveller soon begins to perceive that he is approaching the frontiers of the elector of Saxony's dominions, by the badness of the roads, and the rudeness of the postilions. It is indeed a disgrace to Saxony, that you may travel from Naples to Töplitz, a distance of more than fourteen hundred miles, through the states of various sovereigns, on good roads, and that here every convenience should cease: here, in a country whose wise sovereign has collected, not for himself but for the welfare of his subjects, treasures the thousandth part of which would probably be sufficient to impart to Saxony the inestimable benefit of good high roads; here, where stones abound, and where of course it is not necessary to have them carried (as in some parts of Italy) in panniers by asses; here, where there are hands sufficient, if the government is not above em-

ploying its legions, like the ancient Romans, in useful labours even in times of peace. A Saxon who dearly loves his country, lately said with great good humour: "If I have been out on a journey, and on my return happen to stick fast with my horse in the mud, it gives me the greatest pleasure, because then I know that I am in my dear native country again."

When a traveller surveys the truly Oriental but useless treasures in the green palace at Dresden, he cannot suppress the thought: "Oh, that there were two or three diamonds less, and more good roads!" The same idea is irresistibly impressed on the mind of the stranger when he enters the wretched and only theatre in the Saxon metropolis; which vies with that of any strolling company in smallness and darkness, and is yet frequented by the whole court. In this instance too the sacrifice of a single diamond would be sufficient to provide a handsome city like Dresden with this indispensable ornament. Of what use is this prodigious magazine of precious stones? Of

none in the world, but to excite the astonishment of a few curious strangers. It is just as if a private person were to hoard up loads of silver-plate, that he may treat his guests with potatoes. Should Saxony ever have the misfortune to be overrun by a rapacious enemy, how quickly would these treasures be swallowed up by the consuming vortex of a foreign capital! Were they, on the contrary, converted into roads and buildings, the country could not be deprived of this solid wealth. The case would be different if the elector were fond of splendour, or took delight in heaping up multitudes of diamonds. But he is the very reverse; a prince of an excellent disposition, and a lover of simplicity. Why, alas! are there in the world so many things that are not only useless in themselves, but prove hindrances to further improvements, and are retained only because they have existed from time immemorial? The electors of Saxony were always very pious princes, and consequently were happy after death; but should any future elector ever happen to be

consigned to punishment after his decease, he certainly could not be subjected to any more severe than to be driven day and night by Saxon postilions on the roads of his own dominions.

Of the noble gallery of paintings at Dresden, I shall say nothing. Who is there that is not acquainted with it? To the traveller who has just left Italy, it is an object well worth seeing: nay, it possesses considerable advantages over every Italian collection (that of Lucien Bonaparte excepted); because it is more select, because the pieces are in much better preservation, and because the place in which they are kept is much more handsome, cheerful, and inviting.

In the armoury, as it is called, the stranger may pass an hour very agreeably, were it only in contemplating the pistols carried by Charles XII. when he was shot, or the armour of the great Gustavus Adolphus, or the ancient dresses worn by princes and princesses several centuries ago.

The celebrated porcelain-manufactory

still maintains its superiority in what is termed biscuit. The figures are copied in the most accurate manner from antiques. In the colouring, however, it is far surpassed by the manufacture of Vienna. The forms of its productions are likewise deficient in taste.

At Meissen I found the Elbe much overflowed: it had even inundated part of the town. This often happens here; but the water seldom rises so high as in 1799, when it entirely covered the houses situated on the banks of the river. Such a flood was never before known at Miessen: the highest and most ancient inundation, of which traces are still shewn, occurred in 1501; but the water did not rise by far to such a tremendous height. The inhabitants, rendered secure by the experience of centuries, did not abandon their houses: but only removed from one story to another, as the waters gradually rose; till they were at length obliged to creep out upon the roofs, where some hundreds of persons sat bewailing their situation. The waves already

touched their feet, the waters rose higher every moment, and death appeared inevitable. Their fellow-citizens from the banks beheld their situation with inactive compassion. An old man, the proprietor of several vessels that navigate the Elbe, ordered his men to cross over with a large boat to the relief of the poor wretches who were imploring assistance. The men refused; they represented the risk with which such a step would be attended: and he was unable to compel them. For fifteen years he had not been on the water; during that period he had not handled the helm: but without hesitating a moment, the brave man jumped into the boat, and called to his two sons to follow him. Even his sons refused to obey. "What!" he indignantly exclaimed; "if I can venture my life, surely you may join me!" They were at length obliged to follow. The intrepid Schmidt pushed off the shore; and after a successful combat with the impetuous billows, he brought away as many persons as his boat could con-

tain. His men, partly shamed and partly animated by his generous example, entered the boat: with this increase of strength they repeated the experiment; five times the daring enterprise was attempted, and five times successfully achieved, till all the drowning wretches rejoiced on the opposite shore in the preservation of their lives. This man's name is Schmidt: no newspaper of the day mentioned him, no civic crown encircled his brow. But I should not omit to mention that the elector offered him a reward for his intrepidity, but Schmidt refused it. The brave Schmidt is still living. I enquired for, and should have been glad to see him; but he happened to be at Dresden, and I have not seen the face which I represent to myself as surrounded with glory by the preservation of some hundreds of fellow-citizens.

At Leipzig I was indebted to the justly celebrated Plattner for a very agreeable hour which I passed at his lecture on morality. You seldom hear a discourse so beautiful, so concise, and yet so conspicuous. Mora-

lity is in general considered as a lady to whom it behoves every one to listen with respect, but who is charged with being tedious and uninteresting. To free herself from this character, she could not do better than to appoint Plattner her chamberlain: if introduced by him, she will certainly be welcome in the most elegant circles. This philosopher possesses a profound knowledge of mankind: among the rest, the picture of a purse-proud merchant was drawn from nature with the hand of a master, and was animated with real life. Plattner is no longer immature in years, though his mind still possesses the energies of youth. May he long be spared to the university!—why should I not say to the German nation? for indeed he contributes more in one hour to promote the practical philosophy of life, than Fichte or Schelling in ten or a hundred years. Plattner spoke, as I have already observed, on pride, and reckoned up the different kinds of it with much ingenuity. One species, however, he forgot to mention: namely, the wretched pride of

modern philosophers; which, when it degenerates into such contemptible, ridiculous arrogance, is properly nothing but a caricature of pride.

With a joyful heart I approached Berlin: with rapture I again beheld the steeples of the capital of a country which, it is true, produces no oranges; but where the tongue is allowed to speak, the brain to think,—where every word is not perverted by a spy, and every idea by a censor; where confidence on the part of government goes hand in hand with genuine illumination; where no citizen is subject to the caprice of any man, but only to wise laws, by which he is rendered equal to the prince—the only rational equality! Here I hang up my pilgrim's staff as a votive offering in the temple of the muses, which is not disturbed by its vicinity to that of Bellona. Let every peaceful mind devoted to the sciences repair hither; as the navigator doubling Cape Horn strives to reach the Pacific ocean, whose surface is never ruffled by the tempest.

CONCLUSION.

To have seen Italy is very agreeable; to see it is much less so. Now if I were to draw a parallel between Italy and Russia, and it should be to the advantage of the latter, I should be charged with advancing a paradox; but I have reasons, and in my opinion good ones. The climate in Italy is delightful and mild, but extremely variable. Not a day, scarcely an hour of the day, can you trust to the weather. Hence arises a great injury to health: but a greater still issues from the numerous marshes, which almost the whole year through impregnate the air with noxious exhalations; and from the lakes and streams, which you may smell at the distance of several miles. The rich are obliged in summer to repair to the mountains for refuge against the air of the plains, but the poor are under the necessity of remaining to perish. The annual excess of mortality excites horror. Where

the poisonous exhalations of the marshes and lakes are not sufficiently powerful, there the inhabitants assist them with their filth. With this abominable disposition to live amid dirt, like dung-beetles, it is wonderful that the plague has not visited Italy for such a number of years. On the other hand, I am not astonished that the yellow fever should have erected its throne there, but am rather surprised that it did not originate in this country.

In Russia, on the contrary, the climate is rude, but constantly dry: there are likewise swamps in that extensive region, but the heat of the sun is not such as to extract poisons from them. You may walk on the banks of all the rivers and lakes without being obliged to apply your handkerchief to your nose. No season of the year is injurious to health: the poor as well as the rich may attain to a good old age, without turning their backs for months together on their huts. The dry cold is salubrious: the number of those who enter into life every

year exceeds that of those who depart out of it. Cleanliness pervades the cities and the houses: in the cottage of a Finland peasant you find less filth than in the palace of the prime minister of Naples.

The winter is very mild in Italy; and yet (Naples excepted) more uncomfortable than in Russia; for with smoky chimneys, stone floors, open doors, and broken windows, how is it possible to resist even the least cold?—In Russia, on the contrary, the very halls are warmed; stoves and double windows maintain an equal agreeable temperature in the apartments; you are not frozen behind while you are roasted before; nor are you continually rubbing your hands, while your breath issues in visible clouds from your mouths. The summer in Italy is intolerably hot; all the powers are relaxed, and you know not what to do with yourself. In Russia you enjoy the summer; and indeed both day and night, for the fine serene nights convey exquisite delight. The spring and autumn are more pleasant in

Italy; the summer and winter in Russia.—Italy produces wine and fruits; Russia purchases them. I never tasted so sweet an orange at Naples as at Petersburg. Most of the wines of Italy are unpalatable to foreigners: that of Florence and *lacrymæ Christi* are the only good table wines; they are seldom to be had genuine, and amidst millions of vines you often languish for want of a glass of their produce. In Russia you may always procure good wine; streams of the grateful beverage flow thither from all the wine countries. Even the first necessaries of life, meat, bread, milk, are incomparably better and cheaper there than in Italy.

But the famous antiquities and the treasures of art which Italy possesses! The value of these I am not inclined to dispute, but they contribute nothing to the happiness of life. You see them twice, thrice, a dozen times; you have seen enough of them, and at length you pass the Coliseum at Rome with the same indifference as the marble-

palace at Petersburg. And when I turn from the lifeless and quickly exhausted charms of Italy to the living advantages and superiority of Russia,—heavens, how is the former thrown into the shade! The sovereign—but I shall not draw a comparison between Ferdinand IV., or the pope, or even the vice-president Melzi, and Alexander I. Italy is still more agitated than the turbulent billows that surround its shores: Russia flourishes in peace. Hatred and mistrust still sneak in obscurity over the flowery plains of Italy: in Russia, the subject gives love, the monarch confidence, and both are strangers to fear. In Italy the stranger is obliged to purchase of a beggar every step he takes among the beauties of nature; and while he stands to contemplate some delightful scene, a cripple suddenly extends a mutilated hand before his eyes: the countenances of banditti every where surround him, and narratives of murders thrill him with horror. In Russia he wanders securely at midnight

through thick forests: instead of the dismal whine of the beggar, he hears only the cheerful songs of industrious labourers, and honest faces every where smile upon him. Italy swarms with indolent priests, in cowls of every colour: in Russia you are spared this disgusting spectacle. Superstition indeed prevails there, and in what country is it not found? But the government does not rule by superstition, as in Italy; nor make a graceless mockery of reason, nor degrade man below the brute creation. The grossest ignorance has enshrouded Italy in her sable mantle: the only science with which people of rank are acquainted, is cards; they read only directions for playing at faro, they write only with chalk on the gaming-table. In Russia, a glorious morning for the arts and sciences has dawned.—This comparison might be continued *ad infinitum*, but I will content myself with one more trait. Italy sighs and murmurs beneath the yoke of a foreign and often overbearing nation; Russia breathes freely and

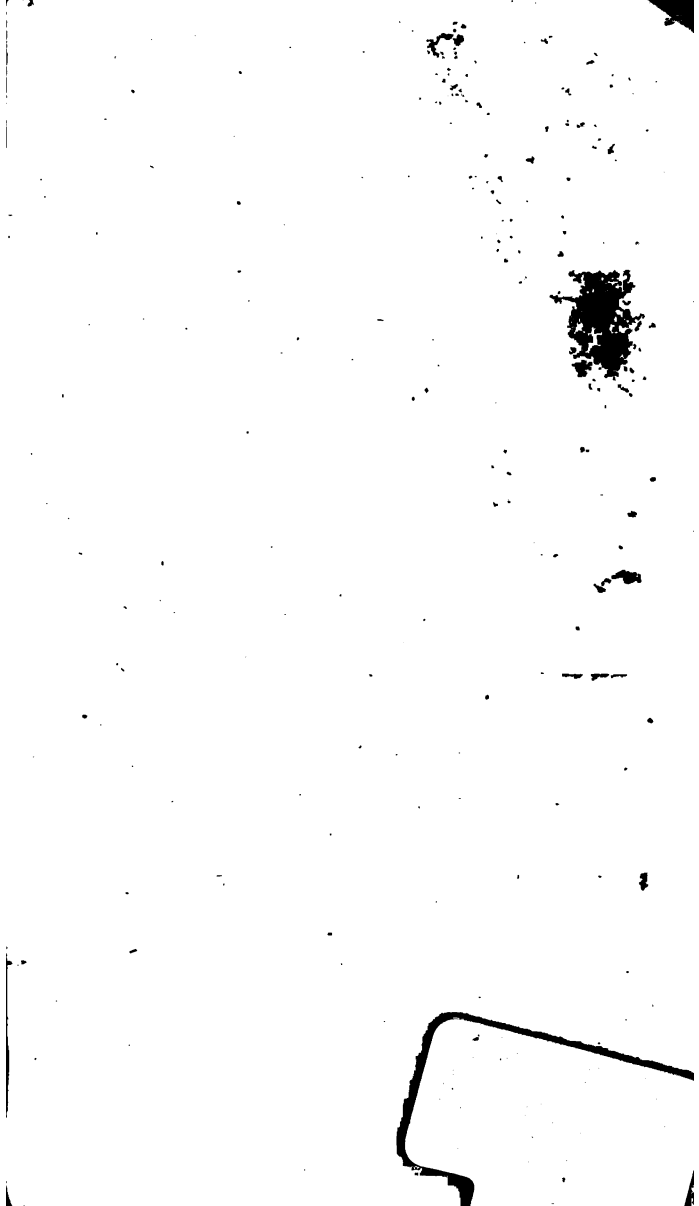
with ease, under the mild sceptre of the grandson of the great Catharine.

Enough! To the praise of ingenuity, my parallel prefers no claim; but I pledge myself for its truth. Will any one now wonder that I quitted Italy without reluctance; that I never wish to see it again; and that I would not for millions pass my life in that country?

THE END.

ERRATUM.

Vol. II. page 131, *line* 10, *for* description *read* inscription.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury-square.

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